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Russia: 50 Years After by Isaac Deutscher

Sex Behind Bars

And:

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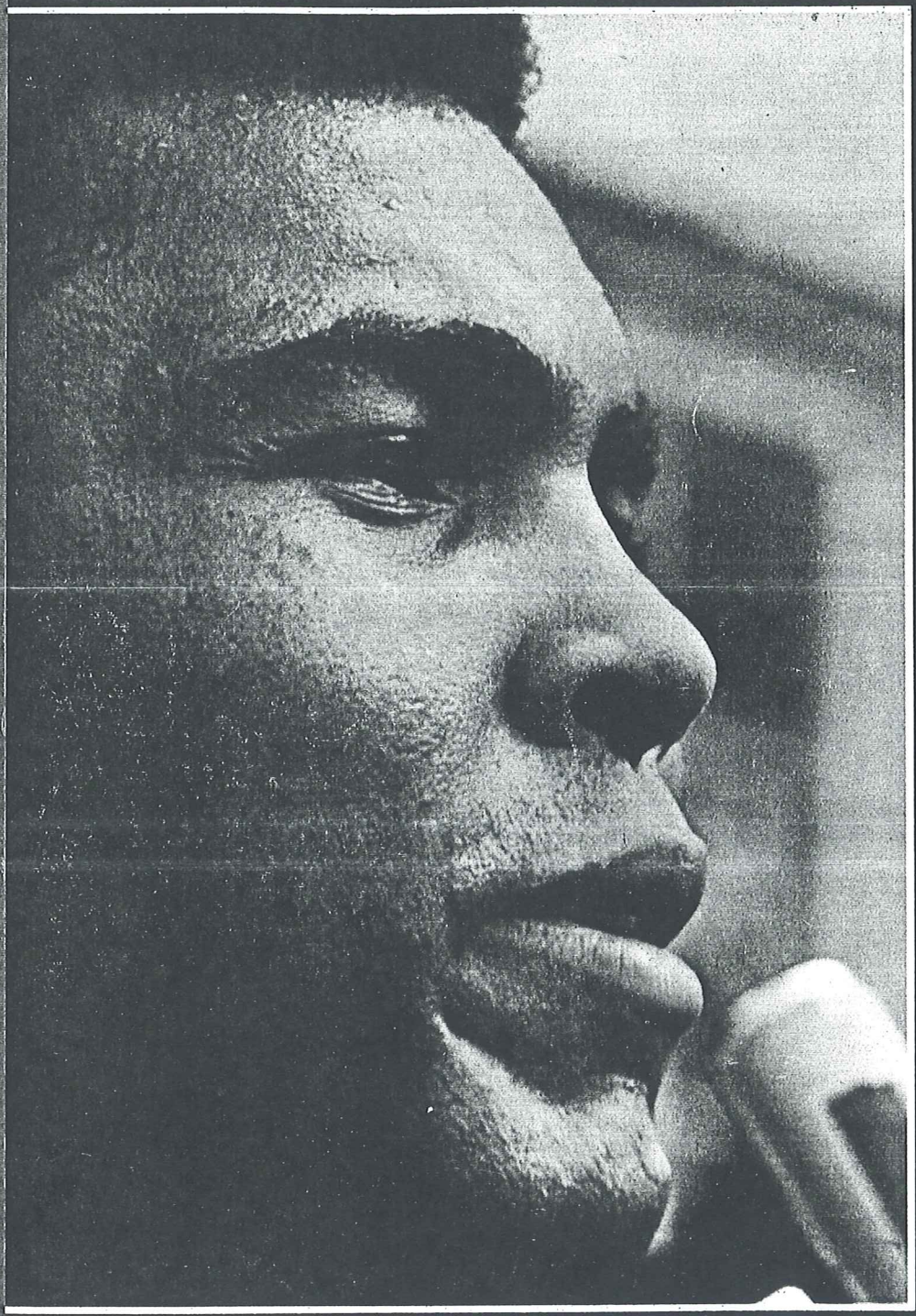

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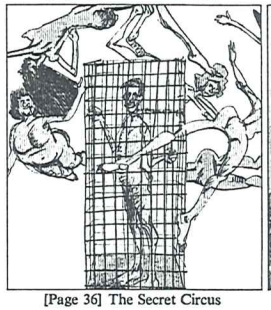

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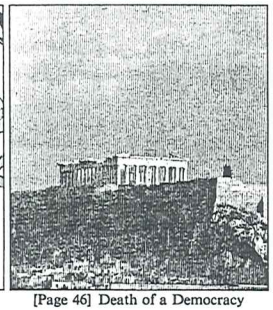

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Apologia:

"The CIA, our invisible government, seems too incompetent even to fade away quietly. Since Ramparts started all that fuss last March, the Agency has become a sort of bad news household word. In the latest installment of true CIA confessions, a former spook executive has copped out, admitting he was the bag man ($50,000 in $50 bills) for Victor Reuther's "clean" union. And away our romantic illusions keep going.

For our part, assistant managing editor Sol Stern, the Harrison Salisbury of Ramparts, is preparing for July a report on Arthur Schlesinger and his gang that will show how prominent American intellectuals were in the CIA dirties up to their brains. This month, former FBI-man Bill Turner, the J. Edgar Hoover of Ramparts, writes from New Orleans about the CIA's care and feeding of groups now suspected of being involved in President Kennedy's murder (p. 17).

Since this CIA thing is obviously a serial, we are pulling together all the thrilling endings in a book to be published in a rush this fall by McGraw-Hill. They're calling the book *The CIA File*, but then that's the sort of thing publishers do for a living.

This is June, and for Ramparts it's a very crowded June indeed, so we have rolled over and played dead for the copy department to make room for some station-identification type announcements, to wit:

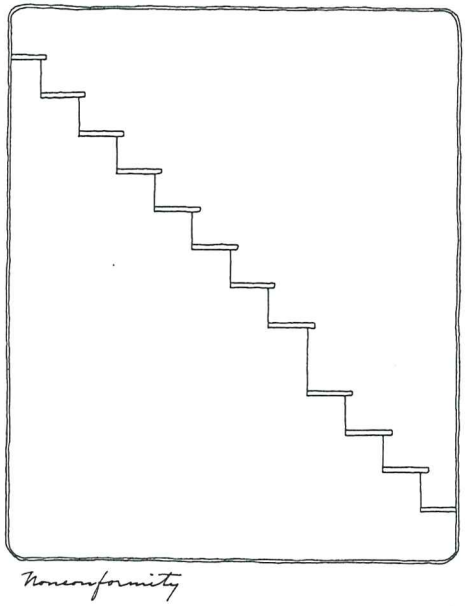
The excerpts from Father Marc Oraison's *Le Mystère Humain de la Sexualité*, which we predicted (January 1967) might do for sex in the Catholic Church what Teilhard de Chardin did for evolution, were from Sheed and Ward's English language edition, *The Human Mystery of Sexuality*.

The Index for Ramparts Volume 4 (May 1965 to April 1966) has finally been prepared by aging slave labor in cramped conditions, and is now available to anyone with the price of a stamped, self-addressed envelope and good eyesight. Please kindly address requests to Henry Luce, the office manager, at 301 Broadway, as he is a monkey and doesn't normally get much mail.

For those who have written to ask whether Vampira on our masthead is a real person or not, she is my sister. That, of course, may be ducking the question.

—W.H.

Cover Photograph by Black Star



At Bally Shoes, 255 Geary, San Francisco . . . particularly downstairs! Write for . . . . . something.

Marginalia

Letters:

ALL ABOUT AMERICA THE RAPED

SIRS:

I'd just like to compliment you on "America the Raped" [RAMPARTS, April, May 1967] by G. Marine. He paints a very vivid picture of what is being done to our country. As an ecologist I concur wholeheartedly with his emphasis on the preservation of ecosystems—a picnic grove with a couple of redwoods does not equal preservation of the redwoods nor a dry park with a few caged alligators a preserved swamp.

I think some effort should be expended to educate our public as to just what an engineer is . . . a person who knows how to build and destroy things, period. The decisions as to *what* to build or destroy, and where and when, should be left to those with a broader base of knowledge. If the engineers are going to be given power to make economic, sociological, and ecological decisions, let's see to it that they have at least a tiny bit of training in those fields!

HOWARD W. CAMPBELL
Del Mar, California

SIRS:

For a long time, I have felt that a study of the Corps of Engineers, covering their history from the intentions with which they were founded and through the ironic development they have taken to become one of the most powerful of agencies assigned to civil affairs was much needed. It is a strange and terrible irony, when an army outfit with all the usual blood and guts motivation of an infantry division, gets entrenched in civil affairs. They are building reservoirs like an infantry company would hold a hill. Since their professional honor depends upon the determination with which they fight, they will not give up, nor admit a mistake.

We have here in Indiana at present a magnificent valley—the Big Walnut Valley—with a nearly 600 acre tract (which the Izaak Walton League is trying now to purchase) which is to be flooded by a Corps reservoir. We have shown through a study made by one of our members who is a Professor of Ecology at Wabash College in Indiana, that this tract is a priceless relic of the presettlement forestation of the Middle West. But that means nothing, of course, to the Corps. They granted a special hearing, at which they listened to our case. Then they proceeded with their original plans to flood the area, without compromising an inch. We are going all out, to use every legal means at our disposal, to keep them out of this valley, but it is going to be a hard fight, and very likely a losing one.

The same situation exists in Kentucky, on the Red River, a lovely valley. Conservationists have shown that the reservoir is not needed on the Red River (even the Louisville Courier-Journal has editorialized against it), that it could be more useful if built elsewhere, and I even have a letter from a high official in the Kentucky Fish and Wildlife department, saying he had done all he could to persuade the Corps and Governor Breathitt of the ill-advised nature of this project, but to no avail. The funds have now been appropriated, and construction is soon to begin. In a few months the Red River Valley will be gone forever.

Many thanks to Mr. Marine for "America the Raped."

DAVID A. REMLEY
The Izaak Walton League
of America
Bloomington, Indiana

SIRS:

I must commend you on your excellent article, "America The Raped." In a few decades the nation may well be little more than a vast polluted rubbish heap. However, the remainder of your articles are nothing more than a monumental heap of sensational trash designed for the consumption of tweedy, contemplative, pipe-smoking pinko professors, bearded crummy beatniks, desperately emotional liberals, draft dodgers, homosexuals, and panting Vassar girls on LSD.

E. PETERSON
Marinette, Wisconsin

SIRS:

Telling that funny fiction that, "all across the United States, the Engineers recommend fractures as improvements on the national ankles," helps Gene Marine write colorfully and breezily—but not factually.

Perhaps, as concerns Consolidated Edison's plans for an underground hydroelectric station at Cornwall, New York, a major error in the writer's research is that—as he mentions—he views the plant site from across the Hudson River.

So perhaps he did not see the abandoned, dilapidated factory, the sunken rotting barges, the burned out railroad pier and other refuse that would be cleaned out and replaced by a landscaped waterfront park in the construction of our project. The underground plant would be in a low-lying shoreline area some 1000 feet from the steep rise of Storm King Mountain. There would be no construction on Storm King at all. From the vantage point the writer describes in his article, Storm King would look the way it does now.

He talks about "the 240-acre reservoir out in the open behind Storm King, in the middle of a treasured forest."

The reservoir is not out in the open but is below the tops of still other mountains that themselves are behind Storm King—which is more than a mile away. Dr. George L. McNew, Director of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, Inc., Yonkers, New York, a professional expert on plant life for more

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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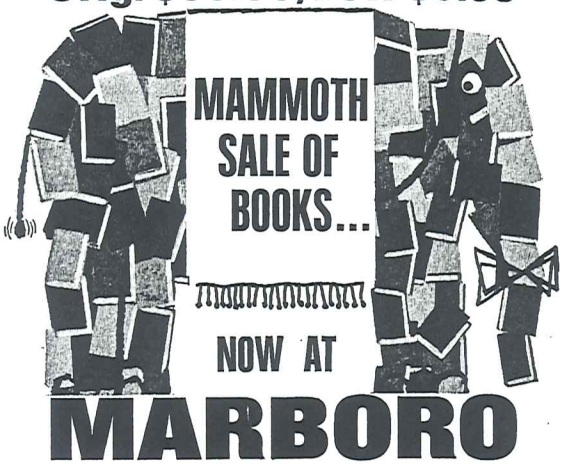

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than 40 years, describes Black Rock Forest as being the remnants of earlier logging and other use and abuse by mankind, and comprising primarily "poor trees and shrubs" and including 200 kinds of weeds. In any event, only 240 acres of the more than 3700 acres of Black Rock Forest would be involved in the reservoir. The principal local conservation organization, the Black Rock Fish and Game Club, which has been granted by Harvard the use of the forest, is among the more than 70 conservationist, professional, educational, civic, governmental, business and labor organizations that have gone on record in support of the hydroelectric project.

Finally, who is the unnamed "somebody" who "committed the *faux pas* . . . of pointing out that striped bass . . . go up the Hudson to spawn, and that something like 85 per cent of them spawn in the Storm King area"? Not Dr. Alfred Perlmutter, Professor of Biology, School of Graduate Studies, New York University. Not Milo C. Bell, Professor of Fisheries, University of Washington. These nationally recognized experts testified that the project would cause no significant damage to fish life. Dr. Perlmutter testified that the maximum effect of the project on fish would be considerably less than that of one active sports fisherman. He noted that the latest research indicates that spawning is widely distributed along the Hudson and not concentrated in any way in the Storm King area, which is indicated not to be a particularly favorable spawning ground. Forrest R. Hauck, Head of Recreation, Fish and Wildlife Section, Federal Power Commission, testified that only four per cent of the Hudson River water passing the plant would be utilized by the project.

The proposed project would significantly benefit all the millions of people in this part of the country by increasing the effectiveness and reliability of electrical service in the most practical and economical way, contributing to cleaner air over New York City, and improving scenic and recreational values along the Hudson River. Certainly these are objectives that merit the support of true conservationists. We recognize the right of journalists to criticize these plans.

Charles E. Hoppin
Consolidated Edison Co.
New York City

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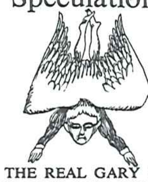

DID THE REAL GARY POWERS REALLY FALL DOWN?

by Paul Jacobs

"The U-2 powers was flying was a dud. It was supposed to go down." The man who made that astonishing statement to me a few weeks ago is an aircraft engineer who had been in a position to know a great deal about the U-2 program; he tossed it off casually, too, as if he weren't talking about an occurrence that had disturbed the whole world, wrecked the 1960 Paris Summit Conference, forced the cancellation of Dwight Eisenhower's trip to the Soviet Union and effectively wiped out the "spirit of Camp David."

By chance, I was in Moscow on May 5th, 1960, the day when Khrushchev announced that an American U-2 had been shot down on the morning of May 1st. So I witnessed the disastrous effects on the Russians of that announcement plus the exposure, a few days later, of what seemed to be the U.S. government's stupid attempt to cover up the real purposes of the U-2 flight. That was a tense and anxious time for an American to be in the Soviet Union; no one knew what the consequences of the U-2 incident were to be.

The U-2 story began, for me, late in the afternoon of Wednesday, April 27th, in the apartment of Ralph Parks, an English journalist who lived in Moscow. He had gone to the Soviet Union as a correspondent for the Times of London but quit to work for the British Daily Worker. He lived in a comfortable apartment with his wife, a Russian woman, and we sat chatting about our friends in London while other people, all non-Russians, began drifting in. Some of them were overtly communist or procommunist journalists and the group included Wilfred Burchett, who now writes from North Vietnam, and who had become famous for his dispatches from North Korea during the Korean War.

After a bit of polite chit-chat, I started

TEAR ON THE DOTTED LINE AND MAIL—YOUR SIGNATURE DOES HAVE POWER

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore **wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.**

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known.

talking about the difficulties I was experiencing in attempting to interview Soviet trade union leaders: I had gone to the Soviet Union to study some of the union functions there. From that discussion we drifted into the professional difficulties they expected to encounter in covering the forthcoming visit of Eisenhower to the Soviet Union and they asked me whether or not it had been hard to cover Khrushchev's trip through the United States.

I told them just how difficult it had been, even during the very limited time I had spent working on the story while Khrushchev was in San Francisco. Then I pointed out that whatever problems journalists had encountered in the United States would be compounded a thousand times more in the Soviet Union where the telephone and cable facilities were far more limited.

At this point Burchett spoke up and very quietly announced that there would be no problems for the journalists because Eisenhower wasn't coming to the Soviet Union. When I pressed him, pointing out that everywhere in Moscow one could see signs of the forthcoming visit—streets being paved, tunnels being built, buildings being cleaned—he merely kept repeating that Eisenhower would not make his visit.

A week later, right after Khrushchev's first announcement about the U-2, I saw Burchett at the telegraph office in Moscow which was jammed with Western correspondents, communist journalists and Russian TV cameramen. He said, "You see, I was right. You don't think Eisenhower can come now, do you?"

Like everyone else in Moscow at the time, I was mystified by how the plane had been brought down. Khrushchev claimed it had been shot down by an anti-aircraft rocket while flying at 68,000 feet, but no journalist believed the Russian rocket defenses were that capable.

My disbelief increased when I went to the exhibit hall in Gorki Park where the shot-down U-2 had been put on display. Even to my unpracticed eye, the plane did not look badly damaged: the wings and fuselage were almost intact and the cameras and other delicate scientific equipment were virtually undamaged. Indeed, the cameras were in such good condition that the Russians had been able to develop the film taken by Powers and were exhibiting the photos. Powers obviously had not used the self-destruction mechanism on the plane.

What Powers had been carrying with him on the flight was absolutely loony. Laid out on a table under a glass case was the kind of junk that men carry in their pockets and wallets when they drive off to work in the morning but not, I thought, when they go out on an aerial spy mission: a driver's license, social security card, Masonic Lodge card, commercial flying certificate, business cards, old receipts for rental cars and a listing of birthstones. There was also a "poison needle" which Powers had obviously not used. But what was most bizarre was the display of items which Powers had with him in the plane "For Grafting Russians," as a sign in the case put it.

The "grafting" collection included a group of cheap rings and watches, presumably for "trading with the natives," plus bundles of 50 ruble notes, neatly bound in manila wrappers. I looked at the money in absolute disbelief, for the equivalent in American terms would have been for a Russian spy to walk into a gas station in Iowa and attempt, by sign language, to get the attendant to break a $100 bill so that he could call the Soviet Embassy in Washington. My God, I thought as I moved around the hall, is the CIA really that stupid?

THE MORE I LOOKED at the exhibit, the more puzzled I became about what had really happened. My first thought was that Powers had been a Soviet agent planted inside the CIA operation expressly to bring a plane down inside the Soviet Union and expose the entire operation. As I stood in the exhibit hall reading the pages of Powers' confession, which had been enlarged for display purposes, that seemed a possible explanation, for otherwise why hadn't Powers blown up his plane when he bailed out at 14,000 feet and then used his poison needle like a good spy is supposed to do?

But I thought that maybe his plane really had flamed out and that perhaps he was just a lousy spy who preferred living in a Russian prison to dying for the good old CIA.

Powers' behavior at his trial in August did much to corroborate the notion that his motives were less patriotic than monetary; in sharp contrast to Rudolph Abel, the Russian spy who refused, adamantly, to admit his guilt after being caught, red-handed, to coin a phrase, by U.S. government agents, Powers was absolutely garrulous with the Russians. Not only had he failed to use his poison needle, but he described, in detail, the flight which had failed, pointing out that he and other CIA pilots had been flying along the borders of the Soviet Union for years. And not only did he jabber away about these earlier flights, but he gave specific evidence about his employment by the CIA. In America, the reaction to Powers' testimony was much tongue-clucking and sighing for the good old days when spies went to their death silently and martyred, only regretting, like Nathan Hale, that they had but one life to give to their country.

Still, gradually, the U-2 indictment faded away in my memory as it did for most Americans, until it was revived, very briefly, in February 1962 when Powers was exchanged for Rudolph Abel. I wondered idly why Powers, a mere pilot, was important enough to the United States to warrant his exchange for a super-spy like Abel, who was clearly a key link in the Russian espionage system. But after Powers' return to the United States, his public clearance by the CIA and his testimony before a Congressional committee, he disappeared from public sight, not to be heard of until he divorced his wife in 1963.

Then, in 1965, I again began thinking about the U-2 when I read Eisenhower's book, *Waging Peace*. In it, the former President writes about the incident in some detail, explaining that the intelligence flights had been going on for some years. Eisenhower also pointed out that although the Russians knew about the overflights (the U-2 could be tracked with radar), the plane flew too high for it to be shot down either by missiles or another plane. But, as Eisenhower wrote, the Russians could not publicly acknowledge the existence of the flights, for to do so would have meant revealing that their defenses were incapable of shooting the plane down.

And, said Eisenhower, he'd been told by the CIA and the Joint Chiefs that "in the event of a mishap the plane would virtually disintegrate. It would be impossible if things should go wrong, they said, for the Soviets to come into possession of the equipment intact—or unfortunately, of a live pilot. This was a cruel assumption but I was assured that the young pilots undertaking these missions were doing so with their eyes wide

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Well, I thought at the time, that just shows how wrong the CIA, the Joint Chiefs and a President can be; once again, I tucked the matter away in the back of my mind. But when I read the Ramparts article by the CIA operative who was at a training session where Powers had been introduced as a hero, I started to wonder what Powers was doing back with the CIA? Why had he been introduced as a hero? A few weeks later, I got a possible answer in the aircraft engineer's offhand statement that Powers' U-2 "was a dud. It was supposed to go down."

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Had Powers' plane been deliberately brought down by the CIA, because the agency wanted the Russians not only to capture him but to have his connection with the CIA revealed to the world? That was a plausible explanation of how the plane was brought down; if the Russians hadn't succeeded in shooting one down in more than four years, why should they have been able to knock off Powers' U-2? And if Powers' capture was what the CIA wanted, this would also explain his survival and the weird collection of paraphernalia he carried with him. It would explain, too, why his connection with the CIA was admitted instead of being denied and disowned, the normal procedure in such cases.

One item of testimony at Powers' trial tends to strengthen this view: in the flier's description of his last flight, he said, almost incidentally, that he'd been more nervous and tense than on any previous mission and he also told the court that he had never seen the plane he was to fly until the morning of take-off. According to Powers, the U-2 had been flown to the CIA base in Peshawar, Pakistan, the night before his flight and it, unlike the other U-2s, was without identification marks.

If the engineer is wrong, we have been doing Powers a grave injustice and he really is a patriot, a hero, who sacrificed his public reputation for what his superiors told him was the good of the country. But if the engineer is right and Powers' plane was a dud which was supposed to go down, what was the motive behind the action? Did the Joint Chiefs and the CIA want to torpedo the Paris Summit Conference and Eisenhower's visit to the Soviet Union? Did they want to embarrass Khrushchev by forcing him to admit publicly that the flights had been going on for years without the Russians being able to prevent them? Were they seeking to destroy Khrushchev's efforts at persuading his comrades to establish more amiable relations with Eisenhower and the U.S. government? Were they afraid that a relaxation of the cold war atmosphere would weaken the U.S. against what they obviously believed to be a cunning enemy?

It is equally possible in this situation that the interests of the American and the Russian intelligence services were the same; perhaps the continuation of the cold war served the interests of the Russian counterpart of the CIA and Joint Chiefs. Or, maybe the Russian intelligence learned of the forthcoming event and leaked the story to Burchett who was thus in a position to know that President Eisenhower wasn't going to make his visit to the Soviet Union.

I have no way of finding out the answers to these questions. But perhaps Senators Morse, Church, McGovern, Fulbright and Kennedy might make a few inquiries. And perhaps former President Eisenhower might check around a bit just to see whether those hush-hush boys conned him, too, so that the cold war could continue until a good hot one, like Vietnam, came along.

Opinion:

THE RAPE OF THE CROPS

by Dr. Jean Mayer

THE CATHOLIC BISHOPS of the United States have recently called attention to the need for maintaining ethical standards in wartime. They have reminded us that the end does not justify the means. In wartime, the ethics of means always pose difficult problems. Having spent five years of war as a forward artillery observer and as commander of artillery units in Africa, Italy, France and Germany, I know all too well that my contribution to the demise of the Wehrmacht was accompanied by the killing and wounding of children, women and civilian men. Still, while knowledge that this forced me—and other Allied officers into similar positions—to try hard to minimize such casualties, some civilian casualties were in the last analysis unavoidable if we were to conduct successful operations and eliminate the Nazi nightmare.

The situation seems to me entirely different when we consider the crop and stores destruction program in South Vietnam. The aim of the program is to starve the Viet Cong by destroying those fields that provide the rice for their rest and field rations. The method was apparently begun in the spring of 1965. The agents used are 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, common, commercially available acid weed killers. They are sprayed from modified C-123 transport planes (ironically called "Providers") fitted with 1000 gallon tanks and high pressure nozzles. On January 20, 1967, Science magazine said that according to information supplied by the Pentagon, more than 500,000 acres of jungle and brush and more than 150,000 acres of crop land have been, in Department of Defense language, "treated with herbicides."

Other methods of "food denial" that have been tried have been found to be less satisfactory. According to Mohr, rice has been found by the troops to be "one of the most maddeningly indestructible substances on earth. Even with thermite metal grenades, it virtually will not burn. The scattering of rice does not prevent its collection by patient men." Lately, according to recent newspaper accounts, rice has been dumped in rivers. Vegetable and cane sugar fields have been added as targets of destruction.

As a nutritionist who has seen famines on three continents, one of them Asia, and as a historian of public health with an interest in famines, I can say flatly that there has never been a famine or a food shortage—whether created by droughts, by plant disease, by floods and earthquakes, or by wars, blockades or civil disorders—which has not first and overwhelmingly hurt small children.

The effects of famine are all too well known. The first and most obvious result of starvation is the wasting of fat deposits. The stomach and other internal organs are affected next; the liver shrivels

Continued on page 50

Nobody knows my name

Whosoever flieth from his country for the sake of the true religion of Allah, shall find in the earth many forced to do the same, and plenty of provisions.—THE KORAN

[A BRAVE RESPECT]

THERE WAS ONCE a white man who beat the hell out of Muhammad Ali.

The present heavyweight champion of the world (no matter what any boxing commission says) was not yet champion, nor was he known by his chosen religious name. He was Cassius Marcellus Clay, and he still had not left Louisville, Kentucky, and he was, at the time, eight years old.

Clay's father rescued him that day in the Louisville slum where Muhammad Ali's father still lives; but we ought to remember the cracker who for no known reason was beating the boy. We ought to remember him because you don't have to be black to know that there's a straight line from that white man in Kentucky to all the white men who recoiled in horror 17 years later at the sound of Muhammad Ali saying, "No."

What he said, in full, was, "No, I'm not going ten thousand miles from here to help murder and kill and burn another poor people simply to help continue the domination of white slavemasters over the darker people the world over."

A group of intellectuals said something very similar and equally principled not long ago: "What is citizenship if, under certain circumstances, it becomes shameful submission? Are there not cases where the refusal to serve is a sacred duty, where 'treason' means a brave respect for what is true? And when, according to the will of those who use it as an instrument of racial or ideological domination, the Army declares itself in overt or covert revolt against democratic institutions, does not revolt against the Army take on another meaning?"

Unfortunately for the decency of America, those questions were asked seven years ago, they were asked about Algeria, and the intellectuals who asked them were not American but French. Muhammad Ali's refusal to take the one step forward that constitutes formal induction into the armed forces of the United States is rife with ironies, and not the least of them is that an athlete, representing a feared and outcast group, has committed the act of leadership in the "best educated" nation in the world, while its intellectuals, far from banding together in defense of "treason"—if treason be necessary in pursuit of truth—bicker among themselves while they compete for government grants.

But perhaps the greatest irony is the almost uniform castigation of Ali for being what Americans have always professed most to admire: a man who combines courage and principle. At worst—as in a May 7th diatribe by Melvin Durslag of the Los Angeles Times (who of course calls him "Cassius Clay")—Ali is berated as a coward or a fake or both; at best, newsmen and columnists by the dozens have quoted, with sad, wise approval, a fellow inductee who said, "If I have to go, then he ought to have to go."

None of them, so far as I know, has drawn the obvious corollary: the other guy didn't have to go either. More important, none has taken the time to think out loud about the meaning of Muhammad Ali and his act.

If Ali's act in refusing to step forward for induction was treason, then it was a treason, certainly, which "means a brave respect for what is true," and in which decent men

A sports story by Gene Marine, with Robert Avakian & Peter Collier

must join or face the fact that we are, morally, valve tenders at Auschwitz. This is not to say that Muhammad Ali is America's Jean-Paul Sartre, much less to say that he holds all the principles and positions that are hastily being attributed to him. He is a symbol of the failure of the rest of us—but he is a person, a human being, before he is any kind of symbol.

[A SPIT IN THE FACE]

ALI IS, for one thing, a 25-year-old Southern black man. He is not well educated, not even particularly bright—though he is far from the dolt some sports writers made him out to be when, under earlier and more rigid standards, he failed some Selective Service verbal tests which white America and its newsmen referred to as "mental tests." They gave his I.Q. out as 78—a figure whose meaning can be measured against the fact that before he was 20, he swung himself a highly favorable financial deal in negotiations with a group of businessmen that included the chairmen of the boards of Brown-Forman Distillers and the Brown and Williamson Tobacco Company.

Still, his I.Q. probably *was* 78. The schools he went to in Kentucky probably didn't do much to prepare him for Stanford-Binet testing. But neither did they take away his pride.

After his recent fight, Ali told reporters, "I didn't go to the body because I didn't want to get hit in the face. Body punchers get bruised, cut and swelled up. I like to be able to dress up the next day." At 18, he wore his Olympic medal to bed.

And he insists on being called by his chosen name.

It is a funny thing, that name. People in any trade can call themselves anything they want to—Mark Twain, Ross MacDonald, Jack Ruby, Robert Taylor, Fabian—and nobody much gives a damn. People change their names for religious reasons all the time, and few are the Irish sports writers who would insist on referring to Sister Mary Theresa as Annie O'Houlihan. Much less would they be likely to make fun of her religious name—like syndicated buffoon Jim Murray, out of the Los Angeles Times, who has called Ali things like "Abdullah Bull Bull" and "Abou Ben Hernia."

The case of "Muhammad Ali," however, is something else again. "Cassius Clay" is certainly a euphonious enough name, and it was as "Cassius Clay" that the man became famous. But it is not ignorance or forgetfulness that leads almost every sports writer, almost every copy desk, almost every radio or television news-actor to insist, like a spit in the face, on "Cassius Clay." And this has gone on for three years.

Sports writers do not, of course, recognize the Muslims as a religious group, any more than do prison officials across the country, any more than does the Federal government (can you see Ali commissioned a lieutenant and made a chaplain?). No sports writer would poke fun at Floyd Patterson for attending Mass, or at Barney Ross for observing Passover. But all but three or four have for three years insisted on saying every day to the heavyweight champion of the world that he will damned well wear a white name and like it.

That could make a guy a little angry. It could make him think, if he didn't think so already, that he lives in a white racist country.

[BROWN BOMBER, BLACK BEAUTY]

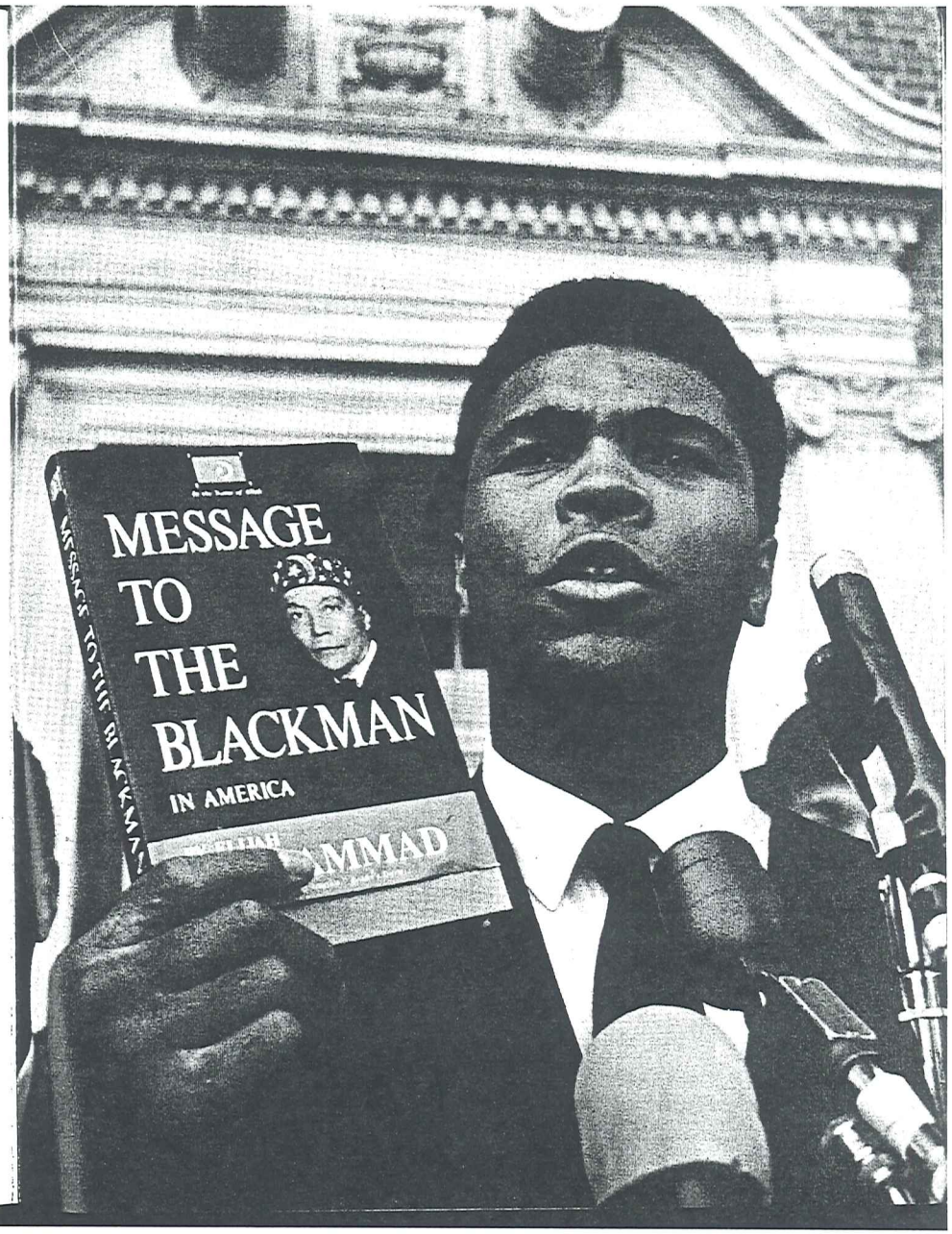
THE AMERICAN SPORTS PAGE is far more influential than most press critics have noted. It was not many years ago, for instance, when the late Bill Leiser, sports editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, quietly issued an edict to print, whenever possible, the picture of a black man who won a race or hit a home run; he knew, as few intellectuals do, the subtle and far-reaching power of his medium.

The claim that Joe Louis and Jackie Robinson have done as much as any civil rights leader to force white Americans to regard black men as something more than subhuman supernumeraries is far from unfounded. Sports figures are closer to Americans, of whatever color, than virtually any other group, with the possible exception of motion picture and television stars. At the same time, our sports pages, as much as any other segment of our national life, reflect our concern with the idea that the game ought to be played by certain rules.

A professor or a poet may protest and be greeted by the general public with a shrug; but the heavyweight champion of the world makes treason or racism, or both, stand out for everyone to face and deal with. Muhammad Ali is a long way from an intellectual. But he saw, somewhere, at some time, what being a black champion in a white country was supposed to mean, what role he was supposed to play, and he refused.

"Be a credit to your race," they told him in the vocabulary of 30 years ago, "and all will be yours: adulation, Cadillacs, women, the wide-eyed admiration of the white nation." Cassius Clay not only refused to play, he bought his own Cadillac, turned down the women, surrendered the adulation (and some millions of dollars in endorsement fees), joined an unpopular religion and changed his name.

"Be Joe Louis," they told him in effect—but you can't be the affectionately tolerated Brown Bomber if you



Photograph by Black Star

believe in black beauty. The Brown Bomber, first in the long line of black champions, had to prove himself to the white sports writers and the white fight world; by the time of Muhammad Ali things had changed, a black world had come into existence in which it is the white man's job to prove himself. The sports writers and the Broadway wise guys and the fight game hipsters are 30 years behind the times, and they still don't know it.

And so they hate this man—the entrenched, the mighty and would-be-mighty, the black *assimilados*, the wordsmiths and the image men. He was such a nice kid, and the black devil has possessed him. If it were only 1692.

["I KNOW THE TRUTH"]

AT 18, YOUNG, EAGER, CASSIUS CLAY returned from the 1960 Olympics in triumph, and they all loved him. He was a "warm, natural young man, totally lacking in sophistication, whose personality could be a refreshing breeze in a becalmed sport"; that was Dick Schaap, writing in The Saturday Evening Post in 1961. He was "an amiable and unsophisticated young man, who loves life and people and success and fame," said Newsweek—and the whites complacently read it, "good, simple, happy nigger."

Amiable, unsophisticated Clay swung his deal with the white Louisville businessmen—they did all the investing, he got more than half the income—and deliberately manufactured his attention-getting "I am the greatest" pose. His corny "poetry" (he writes poetry only a little better than the average sports writer) and his uncanny knack for naming the round in which his opponent would fall, was offensive to a few and misleading to many, but it brought him up the ladder fast.

Clay had only 19 professional fights before he was matched with terrible "Sonny" Liston ("the King of Hip," Norman Mailer called him, "the Ace of Spades"). The underlying racism of the heavyweight world had been showing on the surface more than usual, aimed for a time at Floyd Patterson, who was then thought by the white-hope dreamers to be black. Another amateur champion, Pete Rademacher, had been elevated to a pro and matched with Patterson in his first fight, through a financial guarantee put up by a racist group; Patterson had demolished him. Ingemar Johanssen had come from Scandinavia to prove the superiority of the white man; Patterson took the title back and kept it.

Then—as so often happens—the ringmasters realized that things hadn't been so bad after all. "Sonny" Liston had appeared—a burly, lazy, slow, hulking ex-con, a cool killer, the absolute stereotype of the black man in the white man's nightmares about his sister—and had clobbered Patterson twice, both times in the first round.

Liston could hit like a falling boulder, and he probably wasn't afraid of any *fighter* alive—but Clay convinced Liston that he was facing the completely unpredictable. He pulled up in front of Liston's house at three a.m., stood on the lawn, and shouted insults. At the weigh-in before the fight, Clay turned up—somehow—with a pulse rate of 120, convincing the examining physician that Clay was hysterically frightened. The sports writers—so devoted to the "big black buck" stereotype that they were convinced Liston was invincible—gleefully began to predict that Clay wouldn't show up for the fight.

He showed up—with a steady pulse rate—and he has been champion ever since. Immediately afterward, he announced his adherence to the Muslim faith, and in March 1964—after a brief flirtation with "Cassius X" that may have risen from his friendship with Malcolm—he announced that, as is the custom in the Nation of Islam, Elijah Muhammad had bestowed on him a "holy name" because he had fulfilled the requirements of his faith. He wished, he said, to be known as Muhammad Ali.

Two days later, Ali told reporters, "I know where I'm going and I know the truth, and I don't have to be what you want me to be; I'm free to be what I want to be."

Roman Catholic Floyd Patterson immediately metamorphosed from black threat to dark-skinned white hope. "I disagree with the precepts of the black Muslims," he said, "just as I disagree with the Ku Klux Klan—in fact so much that I am willing and desire to fight Cassius X to take the title from the black Muslim leadership." He offered to fight for no purse. Cassius X turned the offer aside with a mild put-down of Patterson (mild, possibly, because Patterson hadn't called him "Clay") and the serious remark, "I don't want no religious war."

Any non-Muslim, black or white, who has ever read Muhammad Speaks or listened to Elijah Muhammad's broadcasts is likely to have some reservations about the Nation of Islam. Aside from the pseudo-science, the improbable sociology and the falsified history, it is at least disconcerting to read about the hypocritical white man who forces the use of the hated word "Negro"—in a newspaper you've bought from a black man who said, "Excuse me, sir, would you buy a paper and help the Negro?"

And there can be little doubt that the Muslims get as much out of Ali as he ever got out of them. For one thing, they get money; for another, they get a forum that they could never buy. Probably it is trust rather than understanding that binds Ali to them.

"Followers of Allah," he has said, "are the sweetest people in the world. They don't carry knives. They don't tote weapons. They pray. The women wear dresses that come all the way to the knees and don't commit adultery. All they want to do is live in peace with the world. They don't hate anybody. They don't want to stir up any kind of trouble. All the meetings are held in secret, without any fuss or hate-mongering."

But there is more to be said about the Muslims, and their impact on Ali, than that. "Muslims are righteous people," Elijah Muhammad said recently (in a lengthy interview with CBS and ABC reporters, only a small portion of which was broadcast, on ABC). "They do not believe in making war on anybody—and senseless aggression against people violates a Muslim's religious belief . . . I refused to take part in the war at that time [in 1942] against Japan and Germany, or help America to fight those wars. I considered myself a righteous Muslim, and I teach peace. . . . If it is fighting for truth and righteousness—yes, we go along with that. But if it is fighting for territorial gain, or to master and rule people in their own spheres, no. We think it is an injustice. . . ."

A Catholic bishop could as easily make those statements, in full conformance with his dogma, for the guidance of a Floyd Patterson—but none has. Any leader could stand and trumpet those words—but none has (Martin Luther King is certainly more black leader than Baptist leader). A few lonely Christian pacifists have always resisted war—but no major Christian religion, least of all the Roman Catholic, has dared to step so far outside the "acceptable" on moral grounds.

The irony is not only that a group of black outcasts, hated and feared by white America, leads in taking the one position that upholds the rhetoric of great American ideas, and is willing to sacrifice American material rewards. It is equally ironic that Elijah Muhammad's Muslimism is the only religion in the United States that is willing to say unequivocally that God is higher than Caesar—even if they call him Allah.

["WHAT'S MY NAME?"]

ALI HAD BARELY BECOME ALI when the World Boxing Association and its president, Ed Wassman, started trying to take his newly won title away. Fewer than 60 days had gone by before Wassman was quoted in the press as saying that the behavior of "Clay" since becoming champion was "detrimental to boxing." Since his only public behavior had been to proclaim his religion and his change of name, the meaning was clear.

On a pretext, they took the title from Ali in September 1964; the importance of the action is evident from the fact that everybody but the WBA ignored it.

Ali kept up his anti-Liston tactics in preparation for a second fight, originally scheduled for Boston. He had already made famous his nickname for Liston ("the big ugly bear"), and he turned up in downtown Boston with a coat that said "Bear hunt" on the back, running up and down stately Commonwealth Avenue, stopping motorists and asking, "Have you seen the bear?" Boston ultimately unloaded the fight, and it was finally held in Lewiston, Maine. It lasted two minutes.

In fact, the fight was over so fast that the officials and a great many television watchers thought that Liston had never been hit. The sports pages came as close as they dared to yelling "fake." Joe Louis—who is trotted out whenever Ali is in the news, to show that there are still credits to the race—said scornfully, "I don't see how any man can get so much power while punching on his toes."

Slow motion films of the fight show what happened—Ali, his pivotal foot perfectly flat and planted, had thrown a right cross hard enough so that his own shoulders turned a complete 180 degrees, and the punch lifted Liston several inches off the canvas before he dropped—but the odor of words like "fiasco" has never left the fight.

When, in November of 1965, Ali finally clobbered Patterson, he infuriated sports writers—not because he won, but because he won so easily, took 12 rounds to do it in, and was quite clear about why. All the pre-fight talk proved costly to Patterson: in the ring, Ali continually taunted Patterson by calling him "Mr. White America." The white writers were outraged, but there must have been some black smiles.

In Ali's next to last fight, Ernie Terrell threw several visibly low blows and rabbit-punched and kidney-punched throughout the fight, but when it was over and he was beaten, he called Ali a "dirty fighter"—and half the writers who covered the fight echoed the charge.

That fight, more than any other, brought down on Ali not only the contempt but the righteous wrath of the sports pages. Already he had been classified 1-A; already he had said that he wasn't going to go. Already he had been barred from fighting in several states because he refused to support the war in Vietnam. Already he had made it clear that he would play no newsman's game, that he would say what he felt like saying and insist on his dignity as a man. And already he had told them, over and over, "My name is Muhammad Ali," and they had ignored him.

Ernie Terrell chose to ignore him too, and to make a public issue out of calling him "Cassius Clay." In February 1967, Ali held Terrell up for 15 rounds while he hit him; there is no more charitable description. And every so often, Ali—the fastest heavyweight who has ever been in a ring—would throw a particularly fast combination of punches, step back, and shout, "What's my name?"

How they hated that! "He showed himself to be a

mean and malicious man," Arthur Daley wept in the New York Times—as though anyone could pretend that it was only Terrell to whom the question had been addressed. "I hope he's all right," Ali said of Terrell the next day. "He's a gentleman. He's still my brother. He's black like me." But the Daleys and the Murrays missed the point.

[STEVE CANYON, LYNDON JOHNSON, ET AL.]

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, these days, is the freedom to be sure that all the propaganda is on one side. Long feature stories dot the Sunday editions about the stars who entertain the troops; the gossip columnists glorify the prizefighters (black and white) who travel in the right chic circles; Steve Canyon grimly flies the comic pages; the sports pages are celebrations of publicity for local heroes. "They tell me it would be a wonderful thing if I married a white woman," Ali once sneered, "because this would be good for brotherhood." It would be good for the gossip columnists, anyway; they'd be very noble, just as the sports writers are very noble about black prizefighters so long as they are content to be brown bombers.

But Ali challenges the sports page picture of America, and for that reason, if for no other, the sports writers must feel compelled to get him. Possibly they are all liberals; possibly they would all insist that the name change is a symbol only of separatism, and that they defy it in the cause of some word-magic variant of integration. But to Ali it must look—as, indeed, it looks to many white Americans—like an attempt to deny him his dignity, his prerogatives of choice, his opportunity to be a man.

They may be liberals; but if they are, they are the same sort of liberals as those who asked actor Ossie Davis in bewilderment why he delivered an oration at the funeral of Malcolm X—the question to which Davis answered, in part, "No Negro has yet asked me that question."

"Malcolm kept snatching our lies away," Davis wrote. "He kept shouting the painful truth we whites and blacks did not want to hear from all housetops. And he wouldn't stop for love or money." And Davis wrote: "White folks do not need anybody to remind them that they are men. We do! This was his one incontrovertible benefit to his people."

Muhammad Ali, alone among athletes, fits Davis' description. "The white men want me hugging on a white woman," Ali said, "or endorsing some whiskey, or some skin bleach . . . But by my sacrificing a little wealth I'm helping so many others. Little children can come by and meet the champ. Little kids in the alleys and slums of Florida and New York, they can come and see me where they never could walk up on Patterson and Liston. Can't see them niggers when they come to town."

He said: "Jackie Gleason tried to show me why I shouldn't be a Muslim. He said, 'Champ, why don't you think about it?' He's not the onliest one. All the big whiteys are trying. . . . Take those big niggers Floyd Patterson, 'Sonny' Liston. The whites make 'em rich, and in return they brainwash the little Negroes walking around. Liston lives in a white neighborhood, Patterson lives in a white neighborhood. I can live in the Fontainebleau, anywhere I want; but I live here in a slum with my people. I could have taken money from the whites, but it would brainwash all the little black children."

But Muhammad Ali is not a "credit to his race"; according to Ring magazine, he is "not to be held up as an example to the youngsters of the United States."

"I went in one place in Louisville," Ali once said, "and asked to be served, and the waiter told the boss, 'He's the Olympic champion,' and the boss said, 'I don't give a damn who he is, get him out of here!' "

[A HIGHER BANNER]

FROM "I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHO HE IS" to "What's my name?" is not so far as all that. And Olympic champion Cassius Clay, now heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali, once said he wanted "some type of little mission, something to do with the freedom of the Negro in America." He's found it; it has something to do with my freedom, too, and that of a lot of other white Americans.

It started on February 17, 1966, when Muhammad Ali was reclassified 1-A. Nine days later he announced that, as a Muslim, he would not fight in Vietnam. The New York Times quoted him as saying, "I don't have no personal quarrel with those Vietcong," but he actually said it much better than that:

"I ain't got nothing against them Viet Congs."

If that be treason, it is the kind of treason that rises to a banner above the banner of Caesar: it rises to the banner of truth. Alone, young, uneducated, Ali may not be able to take it by himself; but he certainly isn't getting any help from intellectuals.

The principled act of Muhammad Ali is a tragic-ironic heroism. He stands out not only because he is right but because he is alone, in a position which might be, but isn't, shared by all the intellectuals, the religious leaders, the men and women who by profession or position or announced dedication should today be in the forefront of "treason."

It is time, I think, to call Muhammad Ali by his right name.

The Inquest

GRAND conspiracies need not be grand. There need be only a few central figures in a position to manipulate, wheedle, dupe, blackmail, and buy the bit actors. This is the theory of New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison as applied to the assassination of President Kennedy. "The people who engineered the killing of one of the finest Presidents we ever had are walking around today," he declares. "Not to do anything about it is un-American."

The Louisiana populist can hardly be accused of disloyalty. He has, he claims, discovered who killed Kennedy, who organized the plot, and what forces were involved in planning the various steps that led to the assassination. And he has done all this against formidable odds. He has been denounced and ridiculed by such columnists as Bob Considine, Jim Bishop and Victor Reisel. The press has, for the most part, slanted its coverage of his investigation to imply motives of personal glory and political gain. The government Establishment has given him the cold shoulder, and the FBI, which "cleared" two of his present suspects immediately following the assassination, refused to release its information to him.

The truth, according to Garrison, is certain to rock the republic as it gradually unfolds in court. He is convinced that Lee Harvey Oswald was not a triggerman, and that Jack Ruby was the puppet of a more sophisticated master. He is equally sure that the working level of the conspiracy was composed of rabid anti-Castro Cuban exiles in league with elements of the American paramilitary right. The concerted Establishment effort to confine the events of the assassination to Oswald and Ruby suggests the Garrison thesis: a vertically integrated plot rising step by step into high echelons of government and the military-industrial complex. "Honorable men did in Caesar," dryly observes the prosecutor with a fondness for historical metaphor.

Thus far, the dramatis personae of Garrison's terse drama have been wildly disparate. On February 22 of this year, after preliminary, lengthy questioning by the D.A.'s office and shortly before he was to be arrested by Garrison and charged with conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy, David William Ferrie was found dead in his cluttered New Orleans apartment.

The second major figure in Garrison's probe is 54-year-old Clay L. Shaw, retired executive director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart. Charged with conspiracy by Garrison, he is now awaiting trial.

A third individual expected to figure prominently in the Garrison inquiry is Manuel Garcia Gonzales. The New Orleans D.A. has come into possession of a photograph

by William W. Turner

taken at Dealey Plaza just before the assassination which shows several Latin men behind the low picket fence at the top of the famed grassy knoll. Most Warren Report critics believe one or more shots were fired from the grassy knoll area, and Garrison thinks Gonzales is one of the men in the photograph. Gonzales has disappeared and has probably fled the country.

Oswald? In Garrison's book he was nothing more than a "decoy and a fall guy."

[A GUIDE TO THE CIA'S NEW ORLEANS]

DAVE FERRIE was gesticulating furiously as he poured out his scheme. "Triangulation . . . the availability of exit . . . one man had to be sacrificed to give the other one or two gunmen time to escape." Leon Oswald listened impassively. So did Clay Bertrand, a tall, courtly, older man with close-cropped white hair. Bertrand, smartly attired in a maroon jacket, looked out of place with his carelessly dressed companions in the disarray of Ferrie's apartment.

This was the scene on or about September 16, 1963, as described recently in a New Orleans courtroom by Perry Raymond Russo, Jim Garrison's star witness to date, who had been present in the Ferrie apartment on that fateful night. An articulate young insurance salesman for Equitable Life and a graduate of the Jesuit Loyola University, Russo had passed, for what it is worth, a series of Sodium Pentothal ("truth serum") tests administered by medical experts. His story was sufficiently impressive to cause the three-judge panel to bind over Clay Shaw, whom Russo identified as Clay Bertrand, for trial in the assassination of the President.

Following Ferrie's rapid-fire dissertation, said Russo, the talk switched to escape. Ferrie declared in favor of a flight to Brazil with a refueling stop in Mexico, or a more risky hop directly to Cuba. (It is a source of puzzlement why Ferrie would want to go to Cuba, given his anti-Castro stance.) Bertrand disagreed, on the grounds that word of the assassination would spread too fast to permit a long flight. "Shut up and leave him alone," interjected Leon Oswald, whom Russo says was Lee Harvey Oswald, "he's the pilot." "A washed-up pilot," huffed Bertrand, alluding to Ferrie's dismissal from Eastern Air Lines for homosexual convictions.

From the conversation, Russo deduced that none of the three intended to participate actively in the assassination. Ferrie suggested they "should be in the public eye" on the day of the attempt; he himself would make a speech at a nearby college. Bertrand said he would go to the west coast on business. Oswald said nothing.

Clay Shaw was indeed on the west coast on business on November 22. Two weeks previously, his manager at the New Orleans Trade Mart had written the San Francisco Trade Mart that Shaw would be passing through on that date and would like to discuss mutual interests with their executives. At the moment when Kennedy was killed, Shaw was conferring with the San Francisco men.

Ferrie also had an alibi, of sorts. A New Orleans attorney is fairly certain that on that black Friday, the eccentric little man was in his law office around 12:15 p.m. Ferrie contended he was in New Orleans until late in the afternoon, when he and his two young roommates left on an impromptu trip to Texas to "hunt geese." On the surface it was a wild goose chase: the trio drove to Houston on Friday, to Galveston on Saturday, and returned to New Orleans on Sunday—over 1000 miles. But Garrison has witnesses who swear that Ferrie spent several hours at a Houston skating rink waiting by the telephone. It was a curious junket at a curious time, so curious that Garrison, on his own initiative, arrested and held the three for FBI investigation of "subversive activity."

Garrison charges only that the machinations in Ferrie's apartment set in motion events that culminated in the assassination. What direction the substantive plot may have taken from there is hinted at in the further testimony of Russo. He had met Ferrie, he said, some four years earlier through Civil Air Patrol activity, and frequently was invited to his apartment. There had been a party before the meeting on the evening in question, and Russo had lingered after the rest of the guests. Among the last to leave were several Cubans in military fatigues, two of whom he recalls by their first names, Manuel and a name sounding like Julian. Manuel, Garrison suspects, is the missing Manuel Garcia Gonzales.

The bizarre quality of Ferrie's life followed him into death. After being questioned by Garrison, he muttered he did not have long to live. The cause of death, the coroner revealed, had been an embolism at the base of the brain induced by hypertension. But a brain embolism can also be caused by a deftly administered karate chop to the neck, a technique which possibly killed Dallas reporter Jim Koethe, who had participated in an enigmatic meeting at Jack Ruby's apartment the night Oswald was murdered [Ramparts, November 1966].

An inveterate activist, Ferrie solicited funds for Castro in 1958, then bitterly turned against him when he struck his communist colors. According to former Havana journalist Diego Gonzales Tendedera, Ferrie flew firebomb raids and refugee rescue missions to Cuba from Florida in a twin-engine Piper Apache owned by Eladio del Valle, an ex-Batista official who had escaped to Miami with considerable wealth. Ferrie reportedly was paid $1000 to $1500 a mission, depending on the risk involved.

The caper ended in 1961, when U.S. government agents confiscated the Apache, and Ferrie headed for New Orleans. On February 22, the day Ferrie died in New Orleans, del Valle's head was split by a powerful blow with a machete or hatchet and he was shot over the heart. Miami police, noting that he had been involved in narcotics smuggling, called it a gangland slaying.

After the Bay of Pigs, Ferrie boasted he had taken part in the invasion, and indeed it has come to light that a CIA-directed diversionary strike had been launched from a hidden base in the New Orleans area. The loquacious pilot was openly hostile to President Kennedy for failing to commit American military might against Castro. On one occasion a speech he was giving before the New Orleans Chapter of Military Order of World Wars turned into a diatribe against Kennedy for a "double-cross" of the invasion force. Several members walked out and the chairman abruptly adjourned the meeting.

During this period the conspicuous Ferrie was frequently noticed by the New Orleans Cuban colony in the company of Sergio Aracha-Smith, local director of the anti-Castro Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front. (New Orleans police intelligence records reflect, states the Washington Post, that the Front was "legitimate in nature and presumably had the unofficial sanction of the Central Intelligence Agency.") The Lake Pontchartrain waterfront near Aracha's home seems to have become a locus for mysterious meetings. Various Garrison witnesses claim to have seen Ferrie there, as well as an exchange of money between Oswald and Shaw.

By 1963, Aracha apparently had been deposed as Front director, for he had moved to Houston in 1962 and was living there at the time of the assassination. In 1964 he moved to Dallas. When Garrison investigators recently sought to question him, he refused to talk without police and Dallas Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander present. However, Garrison secured a warrant charging him with conspiring with Ferrie and one Gordon Novel to burglarize an explosives depot of the Schlumberger Well Services Co. near New Orleans in August 1961. Aracha is presently free on bond.

The strange behavior of Gordon Novel lends still another piquant ingredient to the case. Shortly after being interrogated by Garrison, he hurriedly sold the French Quarter bar he owned and left town. He turned up in McLean, Virginia (headquarters of Army intelligence and CIA), blasted the assassination probe as a fraud, and noisily submitted to a "private" lie detector test given by a former Army intelligence officer that, he said, supported his veracity. In Columbus, Ohio, where he was arrested on a fugitive warrant obtained by Garrison, he cryptically stated, "I think Garrison will expose some CIA operations in Louisiana." In what it called "his unpublished account of how the explosives disappeared," the New Orleans States-Item claims that Novel has told several persons that he, Ferrie, Aracha and several Cubans did not steal the munitions but transported them to New Orleans at the instruction of their CIA contact just before the Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961. Furthermore, the States-Item says Novel operated a CIA front, the Evergreen Advertising Agency, which prepared cryptographical messages contained in radio commercials for Christmas trees that alerted agents to the invasion date. Novel, however, has denied being a CIA agent.

The mysterious explosives theft dovetailed with another angle in Garrison's investigation—an April 1961 FBI raid that uncovered a large cache of arms, ammunition and explosives in a cottage near New Orleans. Garrison's men are seeking a group of Cubans said to have accumulated the cache.

Further CIA aid or comfort for the paramilitary right wing is suggested by the role of private eye W. Guy Banister, who with a partner named Hugh F. Ward ran a private sleuthing agency in New Orleans. Both a former FBI official and a former superintendent of New Orleans police, Banister was noted for his outspoken ultraconservatism. His office, according to a States-Item informant, was one of the drops for the stolen munitions. In 1963, the ever-present David Ferrie worked intermittently for him as an investigator.

While researching an article on The Minutemen [Ramparts, January 1967], I learned from a defector—a Minuteman aide who had access to their headquarters files—about an allied group in New Orleans known as the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean. The League was said by the aide to have been used by the CIA in its engineering of the 1954 overthrow of the leftist Arbenz government in Guatemala. The Minuteman defector said the names of both Banister and Ward appeared in the secret Minutemen files as members of the Minutemen and as operatives of the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean. He also divulged that militant anti-Castro Cuban exiles were prominent in the Minutemen ranks.

With these pieces of the puzzle beginning to fit together, Garrison hopes to complete the picture. But he will get no help from Banister and Ward. Potential witnesses to the assassination secrets seem to have a propensity for dying. In 1964, Banister, who drank heavily and was given to wild sprees, suddenly died of a heart attack. On May 23, 1965, Ward, a commercial pilot, was at the controls of a Piper Aztec chartered by former New Orleans Mayor de Lesseps Morrison when the craft, engines sputtering, crashed on a fog-shrouded hill near Ciudad Victoria, Mexico. All aboard were killed.

[THE PARAMILITARY OPERATION AT DEALEY PLAZA]

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S MURDER had all the earmarks of a paramilitary operation. The Dealey Plaza site was ideal: tall buildings at one end, at the other a grassy knoll projecting to within a stone's throw of the roadway and covered by foliage. It is the opinion of Garrison's investigators, and of this writer, that the slowly-rolling Presidential limousine was trapped in a classic guerrilla ambush—with simultaneous fire converging from the knoll and from a multi-storied building. This was the "triangulation," Russo said, that David Ferrie had talked about—a sniper in the rear position to divert the public's attention while the sniper in front "could fire the shot that would do the job."

It was, in fact, the frontal fire that did the dreadful job. The explosive head shot that snapped the President's head backward and literally blew his brains into the air could not have been the effect of a high-velocity rifle bullet fired from the rear—such bullets pierce cleanly (a nurse at Parkland Hospital said that when doctors attempted a tracheotomy on the President, the damage was so great the tube pushed out the back of his head). It was the effect of a nasty hollow-nose mercury fulminate bullet, generally known as a "dum dum," which explodes on impact. Although outlawed by the Hague Convention, exploding bullets are favored by guerrilla fighters. An ex-CIA agent who had received paramilitary training from the Agency advises that the CIA supplied this type of bullet to the anti-Castro forces it trained.

The first report of the assassination in the Dallas Times-Herald afternoon edition—before the Warren Commission's three-shot, "magic bullet" theory was proclaimed—read: "Witnesses said six or seven shots were fired." A bullet mark on the curb belatedly analyzed by the FBI did not show traces of copper, as would have been the case had the bullet been the copper-jacketed type allegedly fired by Oswald. "There definitely was a shot fired from behind that fence," insists witness S. M. Holland, referring to the partially concealed picket fence on the grassy knoll. Holland, a crusty old railroader who was standing on the Triple Underpass towards which the President's limousine was heading, is the rare eyewitness who survived both the bamboozling tactics of the Warren Commission and Secret Service insistence that he change his story.

Holland's account is complemented by the testimony of the late Lee Bowers, who overlooked the parking lot at the rear of the grassy knoll from his railroad tower. Bowers said he saw two out-of-state automobiles and a Texas automobile, apparently equipped with a two-way radio, prowling the lot shortly before the assassination. He also noticed two men in the lot near the fence; when the shots rang out they were partially obscured by the trees, but there was "something out of the ordinary, a sort of milling around."

Jim Garrison agrees that Oswald "was no Captain Marvel." The D.A. says: "The fatal shots came from the front." In this context Oswald's indignant protest while in custody, "I didn't kill anybody . . . I'm just a patsy" may prove, after Garrison finishes, to be true.

There is scientific evidence tending to support it. The Dallas police made paraffin casts of Oswald's hands and right cheek in order to chemically test for nitrates. Although many common substances can deposit nitrates, the blowback from a gun ordinarily deposits an appreciable amount. The test showed positive reactions for both hands; a negative reaction for the cheek.

Ordinarily, a right-handed man who has shot both a pistol and a rifle, as Oswald was accused of doing, would have nitrates on the right hand and cheek. Most likely the source of the nitrates on Oswald's hands was fingerprint ink—he had been finger and palm printed before the paraffin was applied.

Moreover, the FBI subjected the casts to Nuclear Activation Analysis, a relatively new technique, so sensitive it can detect a thimbleful of acid in a tankcar of water. Deposits on the casts, the FBI reported, "could not be specifically associated with the rifle cartridges," but ballistics expert Cortlandt Cunningham did not view the result as exculpating Oswald. "A rifle chamber is tightly sealed," he testified, "and so by its very nature, I would not expect to find residue on the right cheek of a shooter."

This explanation seemed so implausible I contacted Dr. Vincent Guinn of General Atomics in San Diego, who pioneered the development of the NAA process. He said that he and Raymond Pinker of the Los Angeles police crime lab were also curious about the test, and ordered an Italian Carcano rifle such as Oswald supposedly fired. They fired the obsolete weapon, which some authorities think is liable to blow up, and tested their cheeks. Nitrates from the blowback were present in abundance.

[LEE HARVEY OSWALD]

ANOTHER COMPONENT of the Garrison theory is that Oswald was not a dedicated communist at all, but an agent of the CIA who may have been trained at the Agency's facility at Atsugi Air Force Base in Japan in 1959. He was a revolutionary looking for a revolution—any revolution—and he found a cause with the CIA-sponsored paramilitary right wing planning the overthrow of Castro.

The paramilitary right wing is composed of numerous factions over which the Minutemen exert a loose hegemony. It is cross-pollinized with Birchers, Klanners, States

(text continued on p. 24)

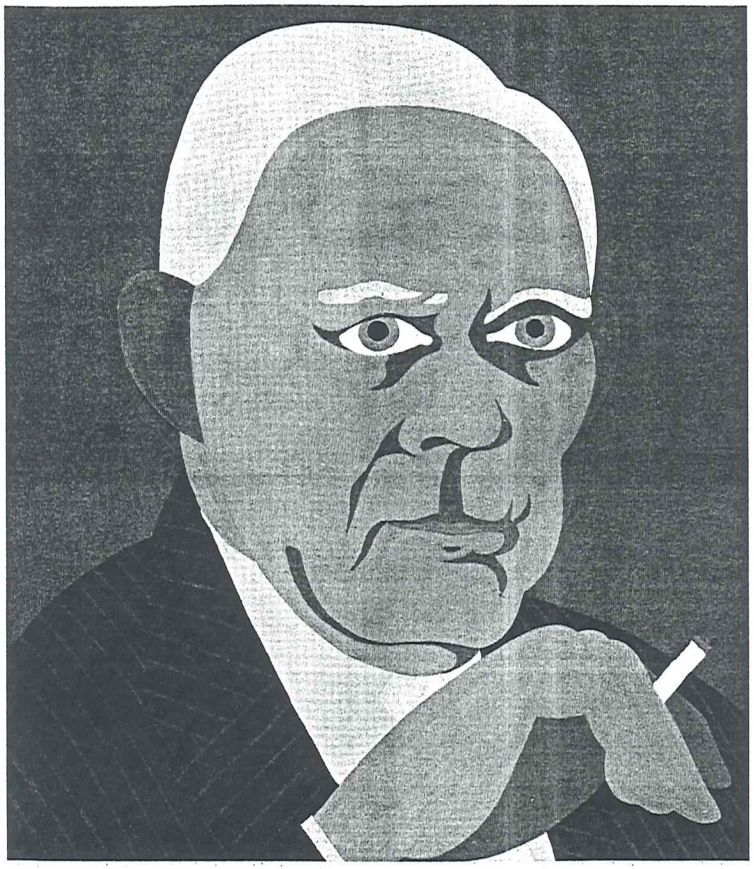
Illustrations by Dugald Stermer

[Dramatis Personae]

Six and a half feet tall, Orleans Parish District Attorney JIM GARRISON bids to become the most towering figure in American law enforcement by proving an assassination conspiracy. The Jolly Green Giant, as he is called, has defied political logic before by clamping down on Bourbon Street B-girls and tackling laxity among local judges.

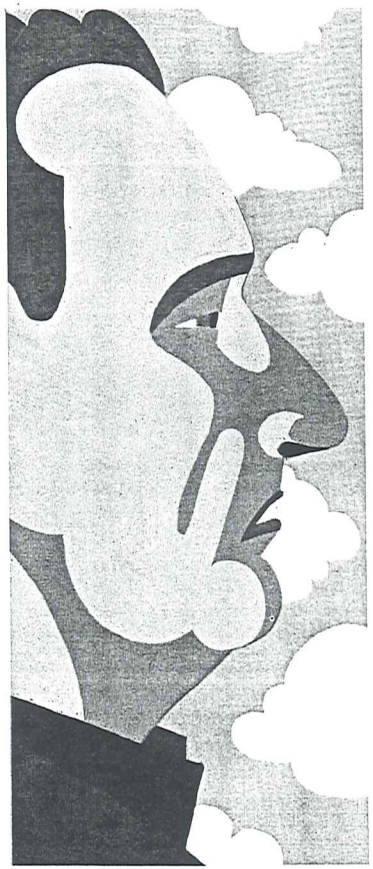
CLAY L. SHAW, *alias* CLAY BERTRAND: A Harvard-educated Boston Brahmin, the courtly, craggy-faced retired businessman compiled a distinguished record in World War II, later became executive director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart, and board member of a foreign firm alleged to be a CIA front.

Garrison's men found an array of whips and black hoods when they searched his meticulously tended French Quarter home. Garrison alleges he participated in a meeting with Oswald and Ferrie in which Kennedy's assassination was discussed.



DAVID WILLIAM FERRIE (deceased): A spare, hawk-featured man who wore grotesque false eyebrows and a reddish wig. In his mid-forties, he had been a candidate for the priesthood, a commercial pilot, a psychiatrist-impostor and a private eye. Brilliant and eccentric, he spoke Latin and Greek, was once dismissed by Eastern Air Lines because of a homosexual arrest record.

MANUEL GARCIA GONZALES: A mysterious "physically powerful Cuban exile" said by Garrison to have been behind a fence on the grassy knoll in Dallas as the Kennedy motorcade was ambushed. A prime suspect in the assassination, he is now a fugitive. (*His exact features are unknown.*)



Righters and volatile Cuban anti-Castroites.

It is within this context that the blurred activities of Oswald in the months prior to the assassination come into sharper focus. His fawning attempts to insinuate himself into the confidence of the radical left were a subterfuge. He wrote the national offices of the Communist Party of America, the Socialist Workers Party, and the Fair Play for Cuba Committee offering his services locally. And he handed out "Hands Off Cuba" literature on the streets, a sure way of typing himself publicly. But he was not always meticulous. One set of the "Hands Off Cuba" pro-Castro handbills bore the address 544 Camp St., New Orleans, a building occupied at that time by the right wing Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front and W. Guy Banister.

The testimony of New Orleans attorney Dean A. Andrews Jr. to the Warren Commission forges another link between Oswald and Clay Bertrand, who, Garrison contends, is Clay Shaw. Andrews, a Falstaffian figure with a flair for colorful language, ran a kind of turnstile law practice in which he secured the release of "gay swishers" arrested in police dragnets. Most of these clients were young Latins, he said, and most were steered to him by a "lawyer without a briefcase" whom he identified as Clay Bertrand. Andrews operated in an appallingly casual style. He hardly ever recorded the names of his clients, and although he had seen Bertrand once, he knew him mostly as "a voice on the phone."

In the summer of 1963, Bertrand referred Lee Harvey Oswald, who consulted Andrews about getting his "yellow paper discharge" rectified and his Russian wife's citizenship status straightened out. A stocky Mexican with a menacing air accompanied Oswald to the lawyer's office.

The day after the assassination Andrews received a phone call from Clay Bertrand asking if he would go to Dallas to defend Oswald. Andrews was in the hospital recuperating from an illness and could not leave immediately. The next morning Oswald was dead.

The FBI went right to work on Andrews. "You can tell when the steam is on," he recounted to Wesley Liebeler of the Commission. "They never leave. They are like cancer. Eternal." After several unpleasant sessions, he let the G-men put words in his mouth. "You finally came to the conclusion that Clay Bertrand was a figment of your imagination?" asked Liebeler. "That's what the Feebees [FBI] put on," allowed Andrews.

But a few months later Andrews encountered Bertrand, "a swinging cat," in a "little freaky joint"—Cosimo's bar in the French Quarter. "I was trying to get past him so I could get a nickel in the phone and call the Feebees," Andrews told Liebeler. "But he saw me and spooked and ran. I haven't seen him since."

Mark Lane, the energetic destroyer of Warren Report myths, was impressed with Andrews' candid testimony. Two years ago he called the voluble attorney and arranged to see him. But by the time Lane got to New Orleans, Andrews had clammed up. "I'll take you to dinner," he apologized, "but I can't talk about the case. I called Washington and they told me if I said anything I might get a bullet in the head . . ."

Andrews has been no more helpful to Garrison. Hailed before the grand jury hearing Garrison's case, the once cocksure attorney exuded equivocation. "I cannot say positively that he [Clay Shaw] is Clay Bertrand or he is not . . . the voice I recall is somewhat similar to this cat's voice, but his voice has overtones . . . Clay Bertrand's is a deep, cultured, well-educated voice—he don't talk like me, he used the King's English . . ." The jury felt Andrews might have done better, and indicted him for perjury.

The courageous testimony of Mrs. Sylvia Odio further documents Oswald's involvement with the paramilitary right wing. Mrs. Odio, an aristocratic Cuban refugee whose parents are still imprisoned on the Isle of Pines for contributing to Manolo Ray's anti-Castro JURE organization, immediately after the assassination volunteered the fact that in late September 1963, she was paid an unannounced visit by two Latins and a man she identified as Oswald. The Latins, who claimed to represent a nascent anti-Castro group, introduced themselves by their "war names": Leopoldo and "something like Angelo." They called Oswald by the name Leon Oswald, an interesting point in view of Perry Russo's assertion that he knew Oswald as Leon. Leopoldo, the spokesman, said they were soliciting aid "to buy arms for Cuba and to help overthrow the dictator Castro." He confided they had just arrived from New Orleans and were leaving shortly "on a trip."

Mrs. Odio was noncommittal. The next day, in an obvious attempt to win her over, Leopoldo telephoned and spoke in raptures of Leon, the American, Mrs. Odio testified to the Commission. Leon was an ex-Marine, he enthused, "He is great, he is kind of nuts. He told us we don't have any guts, you Cubans, because President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the Bay of Pigs . . . It is so easy to do. He has told us."

When Mrs. Odio became upset at the assassination talk, Leopoldo switched tactics. He touted Leon as an expert shot but "kind of loco," he would be the kind of man who "could do anything like getting underground in Cuba, like killing Castro."

Within hours of his visit to Mrs. Odio, Oswald was headed for Mexico City, and Garrison has not overlooked the possibility he tried to obtain a visa at the Cuban embassy there in order to get into Cuba to assassinate

Castro. Such a ploy would have had reasonable expectation of success. Indeed, under "remarks" on his visa application, Oswald carefully noted he was a member of the American Communist Party, secretary of the New Orleans Fair Play for Cuba chapter, and a former resident of the Soviet Union. Only the last was true, and the embassy, possibly leery of his pretensions, refused to waive the normal waiting period. Oswald left in a huff.

The Commission insisted the matter be further explored. Dallas police files disclosed that about three weeks after the visit to Mrs. Odio, two anti-Castro activists, Loren Eugene Hall and William Seymour, had been briefly detained. Hall had attracted the cops' attention with his full beard, a suspicious sign in All-American Dallas.

It was not until September 1964 that the G-men finally located Hall in Los Angeles. He readily admitted training with would-be Cuban invasion forces in the Florida Keys with Seymour and a third man, Lawrence Howard Jr. And he acknowledged approaching a Mrs. Odio, whose apartment he correctly located on Magellan Circle, "to ask her assistance in the movement." Seymour and Howard accompanied him, he said, but he denied knowing Oswald.

Howard confirmed to the FBI that he was with Hall in Dallas in late September 1963, along with a Cuban refugee from Miami, not Seymour. But he disclaimed not only knowing Oswald, but visiting Mrs. Odio as well.

Seymour frankly admitted training in the Florida Keys and the October arrest by the Dallas police. But he was at work in Miami in late September, he said, and employment records corroborated his alibi. By this time the FBI was baffled. It had conveyed to the Warren Commission the impression that Seymour resembled Oswald and may have been mistakenly identified by Mrs. Odio. And the Commission had inserted this dollop in its Report just before it went to press.

An anti-Castro "freedom fighter" well acquainted with both Hall and Howard contends they trained not only in Florida at No Name Key but at bases in the vicinity of New Orleans. He told me the pair was closely associated with Guy Gabaldon, an ex-Marine who in 1961 attempted to organize a private army in Southern California to invade Cuba but was dissuaded by state authorities. Gabaldon, who single-handedly wiped out a squad of Japanese in World War II and was portrayed in the movie "From Hell to Eternity," subsequently launched a fund-raising "Drive Against Communist Aggression" in which he stumped the right wing banquet circuit fulminating against Castro.

Sylvia Odio, now living in Puerto Rico, still insists the Warren Report was wrong. And the trail she pointed out is being followed by Garrison.

Ramparts' investigation indicates that the trail is not a dead end. When Hall and Seymour were arrested by the Dallas police in October 1963, it was notated that they were "active in the anti-Castro movement . . . Committee to Free Cuba." Such an organization does exist, and at his famous midnight press conference after Kennedy was killed, Dallas D.A. Henry Wade blurted out, "Oswald is a member of the Free Cuba Committee," and was quickly corrected by Jack Ruby, "No, he is a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee."

A Freudian slip? Probably, for unnoticed in the Warren Report's mass of miscellany is a "Supplementary Investigation Report" prepared by Buddy Walthers, one of Dallas Sheriff Bill Decker's promising young understudies. Dated the day after the assassination, it states: ". . . I talked to Sorrels the head of the Dallas Secreat Service [sic]. I advised that for the past few months at a house at 3128 Harlendale some Cubans had been having meetings on the week ends and were possably [sic] connected with the 'Freedom For Cuba Party' of which Oswald was a member."

On November 26, Walthers plaintively added: "I don't know what action the secret service has taken but I learned today that sometime between seven days before the president was shot and the day after he was shot these Cubans moved from this house. My informant stated that subject Oswald had been to this house before."

So Oswald was associated with liberation movement Cubans who inexplicably departed Dallas at the crucial time. A glance at a Dallas map reveals the house on Harlendale to be in South Oak Cliff, in the direction Oswald was heading when he left his rooming house after the assassination. Nothing in the record indicates the Secret Service evidenced the least bit of interest in this startling intelligence.

[RED OSWALD AND THE WHITE RUSSIANS]

A FORMER CIA AGENT with whom I have consulted discloses that at the very least, the Agency would have assigned Oswald a "babysitter"—someone who would befriend him and thus keep an eye on him. When the Oswalds settled in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area—they had indicated this intention to the American embassy in Moscow months before their departure—they were readily assimilated into the White Russian colony. Their Red taint, normally anathema to White Russians, seemed to be inconsequential. A man named George De Mohrenschildt and his wife became their most attentive Samaritans—as Marina Oswald put it, "our best friends in Dallas."

It was an incongruous relationship. George De Mohrenschildt is a haughty Russian emigre who travels in high-

rolling financial circles and a rarefied social stratum. An erstwhile financial partner asserts he "was an excellent conversationalist, played fine tennis and was an expert horseman." By incredible coincidence, he is an old friend of Janet Bouvier Auchincloss, Jacqueline Kennedy's mother, and used to play tennis on the Bouvier estate at East Hampton, Long Island. He came to Dallas shortly before the Oswalds, and opened an office as a petroleum geologist. He joined the swank Dallas Petroleum Club and hobnobbed with Texas' oil elite. Jeanne De Mohrenschildt was born in China of White Russian parents, and is well-known as a ladies' fashion designer. This was the couple that befriended nondescript Lee Harvey Oswald and his dowdy Russian wife.

It was De Mohrenschildt who sought out the Oswalds. How he learned of their presence is one of the more mysterious aspects of the case. "I had to go on business to Fort Worth with my very close friend, Colonel Orlov," he told the Warren Commission. "And I told him let's go and meet those people, and the two of us drove to this slum area in Fort Worth and knocked at the door, and there was Marina and the baby . . ."

On April 13, 1963, shortly after someone had taken a rifle shot at General Edwin Walker in his Dallas home, the De Mohrenschildts dropped in on the Oswalds in their new Dallas flat. Jeanne De Mohrenschildt noticed a rifle in a closet and commented on it. George, she related to the Commission, teasingly asked Oswald, "Did you take a pot shot at Walker by any chance?" Later the Commission, relying largely on Marina's hearsay evidence that Lee had taken the shot, solemnly declared that the act "established his propensity to kill."

The couples never saw each other again after this incident. A week later Oswald left for New Orleans, followed by Marina. Days later the De Mohrenschildts went to New York City and, in early June, to Haiti on a business venture. The story of how they came to go to Haiti—and in fact the whole De Mohrenschildt saga—is almost more bizarre than the fictions of the Warren Commission.

The saga takes form from the FBI background investigation. There emerges a brilliant, eccentric individualist of ambivalent political views. One FBI source described De Mohrenschildt as a brutal man with "a Prussian personality." A 1942 report of a government security agency discloses he was suspected of being a Nazi agent but some of his current friends termed him "definitely socialistic but not communistic." The Bureau found that he was "widely known in White Russian circles in New York City and Dallas," and listed restaurateur Serge Oblensky and Boston Bank head Serge Semenko as intimate acquaintances.

De Mohrenschildt reminisced before the Commission that he "traveled in Cuba before Castro, during the Batista days," on oil exploration trips. In 1957 and 1958 he traveled to Yugoslavia and Ghana as a geological consultant in the pay of the U.S. State Department. His personal fortunes seem to have alternated: at times he claimed $300,000 in assets, at times he was nearly broke.

In late 1960, during an ebb period, he and Jeanne embarked on an eight-month walking trip from the Texas-Mexico border to the Panama Canal. In one of those recurrent coincidences that mark the man, they arrived at Guatemala City at the precise time the Bay of Pigs expeditionary force was leaving Guatemalan shores. He submitted a full written report on his hiking trip to the U.S. government.

On the trip, the story goes, De Mohrenschildt met some Haitian officials and promoted a contract to make a geological survey of Haiti for $260,000. "The Haitian government could not pay him his fee in cash," an informant stated to the FBI, "so they worked out an arrangement whereby George would take over a sisal plantation in Haiti, which would be given to him . . . and take his $260,000 fee out of the profits."

On the occasion of a recent Dallas visit, De Mohrenschildt told the Dallas Times-Herald that when he heard that an assassination suspect had been captured he asked if the name was Oswald. "It was subconscious, a sort of flash and came probably from knowing that Oswald had a gun," he is quoted as saying.

[JACK RUBY]

"JOE, YOU SHOULD KNOW this," Jack Ruby scribbled furtively to his attorney, Joe Tonahill. "Tom Howard [his first attorney who died in 1965] told me to say that I shot Oswald so that Caroline and Mrs. Kennedy wouldn't have to come to Dallas to testify. OK?" "I don't think he loved Kennedy that much," opined Jada, one of his exotic dancers. "I believe he disliked Bobby Kennedy." Sherri Lynn, another showgirl who had known Ruby 15 years, thought differently: "A dollar means everything to Jack Ruby and he is the type of person who would do anything for money."

In February 1964, as his provocative background began to surface, two Ruby specialists on the Commission staff wrote to the CIA: "It is possible that Ruby could have been utilized by a politically motivated group either upon the promise of money or because of the influential character of the individual approaching Ruby."

The letter to the CIA outlined intriguing facets of Ruby's activities: "Ruby has very carefully cultivated friendships with police officers and other public officials . . . At the same time, he was, peripherally, if not directly connected with members of the underworld . . . Ruby also is rumored to have been the tip-off man between the Dallas police and the Dallas underworld . . . Ruby operated his businesses on a cash basis, keeping no record whatsoever—a strong indication that Ruby himself was involved in illicit operations of some sort . . . His primary technique in avoiding prosecution was the maintenance of friendship with police officers, public officials, and other influential persons in the Dallas community."

Nor did the letter ignore Ruby's affinity for Cuba. "In about 1959, Ruby became interested in the possibility of selling war materials to Cubans and in the possibility of opening a gambling casino in Havana." The pushy entrepreneur's continuing interest in Cuba was discussed. CIA, instructed the Commission staffers, should consider the possibility of "ties between Ruby and others who might have been interested in the assassination of President Kennedy." They specifically mentioned a number of people thought to know Ruby, including former Havana gambler Lewis J. McWillie, a Birch Society official, and oilmen H. L. and Lamar Hunt.

For months the CIA was silent. When finally dunned by the Commission it simply said that its files contained "no information on Jack Ruby or his activities" or any link with Oswald. The reply came after the Commission had concluded its deliberations.

"There is much more to Ruby than meets the eye," attests one of Garrison's chief sleuths, Louis Gurvich. Garrison has produced a former Dallas cab driver, Raymon Cummings, who is prepared to testify he twice drove Oswald to Ruby's Carousel Club, once in the company of David Ferrie.

There already exists a body of evidence tying Oswald to Ruby. For example, there is Wilbryn Waldon "Bob" Litchfield II, who claimed he saw Oswald waiting to see Ruby at the club a month before the assassination. Litchfield was waiting to see Ruby himself, and accurately described a third man—whose presence has been verified.

There is also Carroll Jarnagin, an attorney reputed to have a photographic memory. In a voluntary statement to the FBI, Jarnagin told of overhearing an ear-pricking colloquy between Oswald and Ruby in the Carousel Club the night of October 4, 1963. The gist of it was that Oswald was to be hired to assassinate Texas Governor John Connally with a rifle from a high building. Bobby Kennedy had clamped down on racket activity in Chicago and Castro had ousted the American gamblers from Cuba. The reasoning was that if the straightlaced Connally could be eliminated, Texas, which is "right next to Mexico," could be opened up and "there'd be money for everybody."

Jarnagin's testimony was discounted by the Warren Commission, largely on the strength of a lie detector test given by D.A. Henry Wade. The result, claimed Wade, was that Jarnagin was sincere but his story "fanciful"—a determination well beyond the capacity of a polygraph.

Ruby's gangster links are well established, and his connection with one Paul Rolland Jones is a story in itself. Jones averred he had been introduced to Ruby in Chicago in the late 1940's by several syndicate hoods, and later got to know Jack and his sister Eva, who ran the Singapore Club in Dallas, quite well. He had come to Dallas as an emissary of the mob to negotiate "a piece of the action."

He approached then-sheriff Steve Guthrie and an obscure lieutenant on the police force, George Butler, to arrange for protection. The two pretended to play along, then sprung a trap on Jones and charged him with bribery. Butler became a hero of sorts, and was tapped to assist the Kefauver Committee in its 1950 rackets hearings. But Jones told the FBI he believes Butler was at first in earnest and wanted a pay-off, desisting only when he learned the Texas Rangers were wise to the negotiations.

Butler is still a lieutenant, working out of the juvenile bureau. The assignment seemingly permits him leeway for his activities as the self-professed leader of extreme right wing elements on the force. In 1961, while in rural Midlothian, Texas, to make an anti-communist speech, he offered Penn Jones Jr., the scrappy editor of the Midlothian Mirror, the opportunity to print a statewide newspaper under the auspices of the Ku Klux Klan. He boasted, Jones says, that one half of the police force belonged to the KKK. He frequently escorts H. L. Hunt to various public engagements.

It was Lt. George Butler who was in overall charge of the transfer of Oswald on November 24 and who gave the "all clear" to bring the prisoner into the basement.

Early in 1959, when Castro came to power, Ruby looked covetously to Cuba. He made overtures to sell surplus jeeps to the Cuban premier, and tried to wangle a letter of introduction from a known Castro partisan in Houston. Late in 1959 he visited gambler Lewis McWillie in Havana on what he later called a "purely social" trip. While there he boasted to at least two U.S. citizens that he was "in with both sides." Most prominent of the anti-Castroites whose friendship he claimed was Rolando Masferrer, a Batista henchman.

Ruby's Cuba interests and crime syndicate connections converge in the testimony of Nancy Perrin Rich, a fast-living young lady four times around the marriage cycle and a one-time police informant. In 1962, she arrived in Dallas on the heels of her then husband, Robert Perrin, who at various times had been a bodyguard to top hoodlums, a narcotics smuggler and a gun-runner to Franco

during the Spanish Civil War. Perrin had plenty of police pals, and a detective promptly got her a job hustling drinks in Jack Ruby's club.

The job didn't last long. When Ruby shoved her against the bar, the strong-willed Nancy stormed out and filed assault charges against him, but was "persuaded" by the Dallas cops to drop them. She saw Ruby again—in an apartment where she and Robert Perrin had gone to firm up a deal to run military supplies and Enfield rifles to Cuban insurgents. There was some hitch in the money arriving when, she related, "I had the shock of my life . . . A knock comes on the door and who walks in but my little friend Jack Ruby. And you could have knocked me over with a feather . . . and everybody looks like this, you know, a big smile—like here comes the Saviour."

Ruby evidently was the bag man, because Perrin's cut was upped to $15,000. But Nancy scotched the deal because "I smelled an element that I did not want to have any part of." The element, she elucidated, was organized crime. A man had showed up whom she took to be a relative of syndicate chieftain Vito Genovese. Running scared, she and Perrin moved from city to city, but he finally headed for New Orleans alone. He died there of arsenic poisoning. The arsenic was "voluntarily consumed," the coroner certified.

In his *Whitewash II*, Harold Weisberg does some expert collating. In the course of his FBI interview, Rev. Walter J. McChann, a priest who ministered to the Cuban exile community in Dallas, remarked that there was a retired Army colonel named Castor whom he felt was "playing the role of an intelligence officer" in his contacts with the Cubans. And an interview with Mrs. C. L. Connell, a volunteer assistant of the Dallas Cuban Relief Committee, contains the opinion that "General Edwin A. Walker and Colonel (FNU) Caster, a close acquaintance of Walker, have been trying to arouse the feelings of the Cuban refugees, in Dallas, against the Kennedy administration."

There is one more loose end to the Nancy Perrin Rich story: the Vito Genovese relative she thought was involved in the deal. Buried in the Warren Report is an FBI account of a tip that Ruby was present at a party in a Dallas apartment two nights before the assassination at which Joe F. Frederici, identified as "a nephew of Vito Genovese," was also present. The tipster said that Frederici and his wife Sandy were to leave the next day "for New Jersey or someplace in the East." Provocative—and, as far as the record is concerned, unresolved.

What the record does show, however, is that organized crime has been implicated in smuggling war material to the Caribbean. A case brought before the McClellan Anti-Racketeering Committee of the Senate by Robert Kennedy in 1959 involves a plot allegedly masterminded by Michael Genovese, Vito's son, and another man, and financed in part by Teamsters' funds obtained by Louis "Babe" Triscaro, boss of a Miami local. A surplus Air Force Globemaster was to airlift tons of arms and ammunition to Cuba via the Dominican Republic. At the last minute Miami customs agents, who had feigned taking bribes to look the other way, closed in and seized the plane and cargo.

What is known of Jack Ruby's activities in the period encompassing the assassination only heightens the mystery surrounding him. The party he reportedly attended was Wednesday night. As for the next day, a Secret Service report synopsizes: "Numerous witnesses identify Jack Leon Rubenstein alias Jack Ruby, as being in Houston, Texas on November 21, for several hours, one block from the President's entrance route and from the Rice Hotel where he stayed." But the Dallas Secret Service, going on the recollections of several persons who vaguely placed Ruby in town that day, just as flatly ruled out a quickie trip to Houston.

Ruby has gone out in a blaze of ambiguity, ranting about a pogrom against the Jews and intimating Lyndon Johnson harbors dark secrets. The government, if it ever wanted the truth, lost its chance when Chief Justice Earl Warren declined to have Ruby removed to Washington for questioning. "I want to tell the truth," Ruby had implored, "and I can't tell it here."

[CUI BONO?]

THE DAY AFTER the assassination, Gary Underhill left Washington in a hurry. Late in the evening he showed up at the home of friends in New Jersey. He was very agitated. A small clique within the CIA was responsible for the assassination, he confided, and he was afraid for his life and probably would have to leave the country. Less than six months later Underhill was found shot to death in his Washington apartment. The coroner ruled it suicide.

J. Garrett Underhill had been an intelligence agent during World War II and was a recognized authority on limited warfare and small arms. A researcher and writer on military affairs, he was on a first-name basis with many of the top brass in the Pentagon. He was also on intimate terms with a number of high ranking CIA officials—he was one of the Agency's "un-people" who perform special assignments. At one time he had been a friend of Samuel Cummings of Interarmco, the arms broker that numbers among its customers the CIA and, ironically, Klein's Sporting Goods of Chicago, from whence the mail-order Carcano allegedly was purchased by Oswald.

The friends whom Underhill visited say he was sober but badly shook. They say he attributed the Kennedy murder to a CIA clique which was carrying on a lucrative racket in gun-running, narcotics and other contraband, and manipulating political intrigue to serve its own ends. Kennedy supposedly got wind that something was going on and was killed before he could "blow the whistle on it." Although the friends had always known Underhill to be perfectly rational and objective, they at first didn't take his account seriously. "I think the main reason was," explains the husband, "that we couldn't believe that the CIA could contain a corrupt element every bit as ruthless—and more efficient—as the Mafia."

The verdict of suicide in Underhill's death is by no means convincing. His body was found by a writing collaborator, Asher Brynes of the New Republic. He had been shot behind the left ear, and an automatic pistol was under his left side. Odd, says Brynes, because Underhill was right-handed. Brynes thinks the pistol was fitted with a silencer, and occupants of the apartment building could not recall hearing a shot. Underhill obviously had been dead several days.

Gary Underhill's chilling story is hardly implausible. As a spy apparatus the CIA is honeycombed with self-contained cliques operating without any real central control. The hand of the CIA has materialized repeatedly in Jim Garrison's investigation, and he has implicated anti-Castro Cuban factions aligned with the American paramilitary right—both of which have been utilized by the CIA in its machinations to overthrow Castro. The ex-CIA agent with whom I talked declares that even after the Bay of Pigs debacle, the CIA continued to cherish its pipe dream of sponsoring an invasion of Cuba, and continued to secretly train Cuban exiles at its paramilitary base in Virginia. Such bootlegging was directly counter to the Kennedy administration's policy of cracking down on free-lance armies aiming their sights at Cuba.

1963 was a summer of discontent for those inalterably committed to the toppling of Castro. The Cuban premier had made conciliatory remarks about the ameliorating United States attitude. On an ABC television interview with Lisa Howard, for instance, he lauded "the stopping of piratical acts against Cuba" as "steps in the right direction" of improved relations. The United States had responded, and Kennedy was in fact moving towards a modus vivendi with Castro. Miss Howard, who had Castro's confidence, was acting as a covert envoy of the administration at the same time that Adlai Stevenson was talking privately with his Cuban opposite number in the United Nations, Dr. Carlos Lechunga.

Apparently a detente was near realization when Kennedy met death. In a UN speech on October 7, Stevenson raised the possibility of an end to the Cuban-U.S. cold war, in effect abandoning the Cuban government-in-exile. In his new book *Reds and Blacks*, former Kennedy official William Attwood reports that "the President more than the State Department was interested in exploring [the Cuban] overture," and that a clandestine high-level meeting was imminent. On November 19, Presidential Aide McGeorge Bundy told Attwood, who was acting as an intermediary, that Kennedy wanted to see him after "a brief trip to Dallas."

Soon after the assassination, Dr. Lechunga said he had been instructed by Castro to begin "formal discussions." "I informed Bundy," Attwood says, "and later was told that the Cuban exercise would be put on ice for a while—which it was and where it has been ever since."

Since the assassination, the thawing cold war with the Soviet Union has been shoved into the background by the new holy war against communism in Southeast Asia. This little hot war has enabled the military-industrial complex against which President Eisenhower warned to gain ascendency. The hawks of the Pentagon, whose wings barely fluttered during the Kennedy epoch, are now in full flight, and the CIA, which Kennedy sought to cut down to size, has become an indispensible instrument of U.S. foreign policy in Southeast Asia.

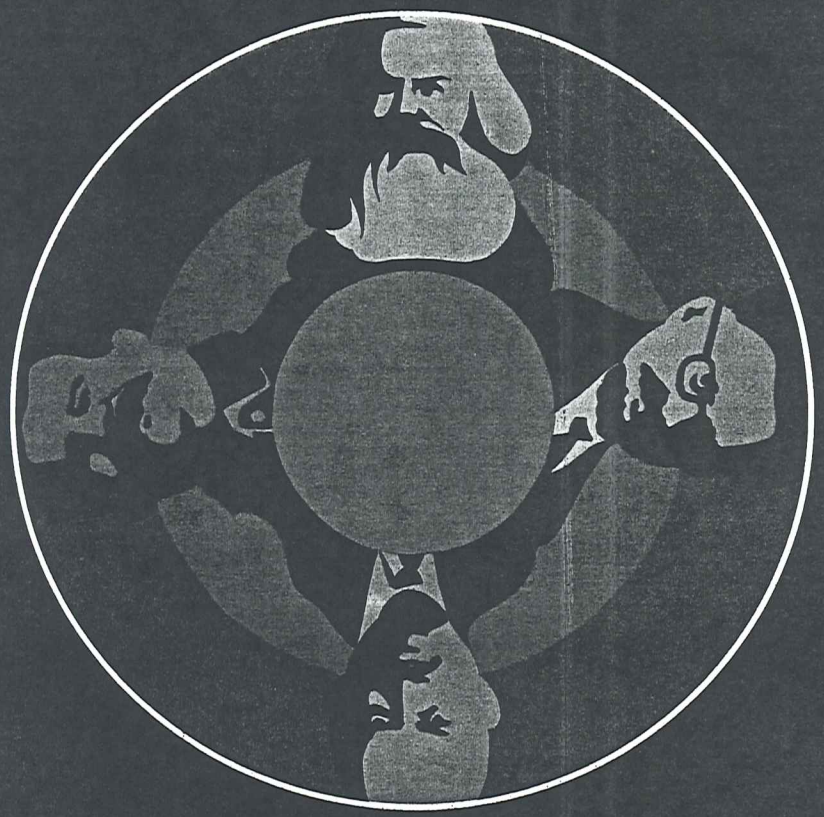
There is no more talk of lowering the oil depletion allowance, or of investigating the controversial TFX contract awarded Convair in Ft. Worth. The Texas oil and contracting industries have profited immensely from fueling the war machine and building its warehouses and docks.

No wonder that Garrison, who attributes the assassination to a "powerful domestic force," sits at the vortex of that force. Its voice is heard in the swirl of scorn and deprecation that has met his efforts.

But the labeling of Garrison as political opportunist and glory-hound is false. He has relayed word to the President, through a Louisiana senator, that he seeks only the truth and will step aside to let the FBI make all the arrests and issue the press releases. There has been no response, and Johnson continues to devour a daily diet of slanted FBI reports, "Progress of the Garrison Investigation," fed him by his old cronie J. Edgar Hoover.

Recently the phone rang at Garrison's home. A metallic voice warned his wife, "You have kids—we'll get them on the way to school." Momentarily frightened, she turned to her husband and pleaded, "Jim, don't you think of the kids before you get into these things?" "I do," Big Jim said calmly. "I don't want them growing up in a country that can't stand the truth."

The Unfinished Revolution



by Isaac Deutscher

From January to March 1967, Isaac Deutscher gave the George Macaulay Trevelyan Lectures at the University of Cambridge, six lectures on Russia under the general title, "The Unfinished Revolution." The following is a condensation of Prof. Deutscher's third lecture.

The entire set of Trevelyan Lectures will be published by the Oxford University Press.

THE FIRST AND MOST STRIKING feature of the transformed scene [since 1917] is the massive urbanization of the USSR. Since the revolution, the town population has grown by over 100 million people. Within the lifetime of a generation, the percentage of the town dwellers in the total population has risen from 15 to about 55, and it is fast climbing up to 60. In America it took a century, from 1850 to 1950, for the proportion of town dwellers to rise from 15 to 60 per cent.

Only a small proportion of the expansion was due to natural growth or to the migration of town people. The mass of the new town dwellers were peasants, shifted from the villages, year after year, and directed to industrial labor. Like the old advanced nations of the West, the Soviet Union found the main reserve of industrial manpower in the peasantry.

The transfer of the rural population began for good only in the early 1930's, and it was closely connected with the collectivization of farming, which enabled the government's agencies to lay hands on the surplus of manpower on the farms and to move it to industry. The beginnings of the process were extremely difficult and involved the use of much force and violence.

The habits of settled industrial life, regulated by the factory siren, which had in other countries been inculcated into the workers from generation to generation by economic necessity and legislation, were lacking in Russia. The peasants had been accustomed to work in their fields according to the rhythm of Russia's severe nature, to toil from sunrise to sunset in the summer and to sleep through on the tops of their ovens most of the winter. They had to be conditioned into an entirely new routine of work.

They resisted, worked sluggishly, broke or damaged tools, and shifted restlessly from factory to factory and from mine to mine. The government imposed discipline by means of harsh labor codes, threats of deportation and actual deportation to forced labor camps. Lack of housing and acute shortages of consumer goods aggravated the hardships and the turbulence. It was common in the cities, even quite recently, for several families to share a single room and a kitchen; and in the industrial settlements, workers were herded in barracks for many years.

As time went on, the social friction and conflicts, engendered by the upheaval, lessened. And since the second world war the feats of Soviet industry and arms have appeared to justify retrospectively even the violence, the suffering, the blood and the tears. But it may be held, as I have held through all these decades, that without the violence, the blood and the tears, the great work of construction might have been done far more efficiently and with healthier social, political and moral aftereffects.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the transformation of the social structure is still on; and it continues without such forcible stimulation. Year after year the urban population is expanding on the same scale as before; and the process, though planned and regulated, has its own rhythm. If in the 1930's the government had to drag a sullen mass of peasants into the towns, in this last decade or so it has been confronted by a spontaneous rush of people from the country to town; and it has had to exert itself to make rural life a little more attractive in order to keep young labor on the farms.

The industrial workers, the small minority of 1917, now form the largest social class. The state employs about 78 million people in workshops and offices—it employed 27 million after the end of the second world war. Well over 50 million people work in primary and manufacturing industries, in building, transport, communications and on state-owned farms. The rest work in various services—13 million of them in health, education and scientific research.

It is not easy to distinguish with any precision the numbers of manual workers and technicians from those of office workers because Soviet statistics lump them together; I shall speak presently about the sociological significance of this lumping together. The number of the workers proper may be put at between 50 and 55 million.

Stalin's labor policy centered on differential scales of salaries and wages, and raised the labor aristocracy high above the mass of underpaid, semi-skilled and unskilled workers. To some extent this was justified by the need to offer incentives to skill and efficiency, but the discrepancies in wages went far beyond that; and their actual extent was and still is surrounded by secrecy. Since the 1930's, the government has not published the relevant data about the national wage structure, and students have had to content themselves with fragmentary information.

Throughout the Stalin era a ferocious witch-hunt against the levelers—or the "petty bourgeois egalitarians"—was in progress; but it was less effective than it appeared to be, and certainly less so than the political witch-hunts. The suppression of the data about the structure of wages and salaries indicates with what guilty consciences the ruling groups, under Stalin and after him, have pursued their anti-egalitarian policy.

Of course, nothing like our "normal" inequality between earned and unearned incomes exists in the Soviet

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

Union. The inequality is in the earned incomes. Yet to expose its full extent would evidently be too risky and dangerous an undertaking for any Soviet government. The discrepancies in workers' earnings seem similar to those that can be found in most other countries; and they are narrowed by the greater value of the Soviet Union's more comprehensive social services.

The bulk of the working class is strongly marked by its peasant origins. There are only very few working class families who have been settled in town since before the revolution, and who have a long industrial tradition and memories of pre-revolutionary class struggle.

Practically, the oldest layer of workers is the one which formed itself during the reconstruction period of the 1920's. Its adaptation to the rhythm of industrial life was relatively easy: these workers came to the factory of their own accord, and were not yet subjected to strict regimentation. Their children are the most settled and the most distinctly urban element of the industrial population. From their ranks came the managerial elements and the labor aristocracy of the 1930's and 1940's. Those who remained in the ranks were the last Soviet workers to engage freely, under NEP (New Economic Program), in trade union activities, even in strikes, and to enjoy a freedom of political expression.

The contrast between this and the next layer is extremely sharp. Twenty-odd million peasants were shifted to the towns during the 1930's. Their adaptation was painful and jerky. For a long time they remained uprooted villagers, desperate, anarchic and helpless. They were broken to the habits of factory work and kept under control by ruthless drill and discipline. It was they who gave the Soviet towns the gray, miserable, semi-barbarous look that so often astonished foreign visitors. They brought with themselves into industry the *muzhik's* crude individualism; official policy played on it, prodding the industrial recruits to compete with one another for bonuses, premiums and multiple piece rates.

THE TERROR OF THE 1930's left an indelible imprint on the men of this category. Most of them, now in their fifties, are probably—through no fault of theirs—the most backward element among Soviet workers, uneducated, acquisitive, servile. Only in its second generation could this layer of the working class live down the initial shocks of urbanization.

Peasants who came to the factories in the aftermath of the second world war still experienced the trying living conditions, virtual homelessness, severe labor discipline and terror. But most had come to town voluntarily, eager to escape from devastated and famished villages. They had been prepared for industrial discipline by years of army life, and found in their new places an environment better able to absorb and assimilate newcomers than were the towns and factory settlements of the 1930's.

It became easier still for the next batches of trainees who arrived at the factories in the post-Stalin years, when the old labor codes were abolished, and who settled down to their occupations in relative freedom from want and fear. These latest immigrants, and the town-bred children of the earlier ones, have played a big part in reforming labor routines and in changing the climate of Soviet factory life. Nearly all of them have ("complete" or "incomplete") secondary education, and many take extramural academic courses. They have often clashed with their less efficient and less civilized foremen and managers.

This is probably the most progressive group of the Soviet working class, comprising the builders of nuclear plants, computers and space ships, workers as productive as their American counterparts, even though the average Soviet productivity per man-hour is still only 40 per cent of American productivity or even less.

If this analysis is correct, then the prospect for the future may be more hopeful. An objective process of consolidation and integration is taking place in the working class, and is accompanied by a growth of social awareness.

There is still a long way from this to freedom of expression and to workers' genuine participation in control over industry. Yet as the working class is growing more educated, homogeneous and self-confident, its aspirations are likely to focus on these demands. And if this happens, the workers may reenter the political stage as an independent factor, ready to challenge the bureaucracy, and ready to resume the struggle for emancipation in which they scored so stupendous a victory in 1917, but which they have for so long been unable to follow up.

THE OBVERSE SIDE of the expansion of the working class is the shrinkage of the peasantry. Forty years ago, rural small holders made up more than three-quarters of the nation; at present the collectivized farmers constitute only one-quarter.

As one who witnessed the collectivization in the early 1930's and severely criticized its forcible method, I would like to reflect here on the tragic fate of the Russian peasantry. Under the *ancien régime*, the Russian countryside was periodically swept by famines, as China's countryside was and as India's still is. In the intervals between the famines, uncounted (i.e., statistically unnoticed) millions of peasants died of malnutrition and disease, as they still do in so many underdeveloped countries. The old system was hardly less cruel toward the peasantry than Stalin's government, except that its cruelty appeared to be part of the natural order of things which even the moralists' sensitive consciences are inclined to take for granted.

This cannot excuse or mitigate the crimes of Stalinist policy; but it may put the problem into proper perspective. Those who argue that all would have been well if only the *muzhiks* had been left alone, the idealizers of the old rural way of life and of the peasantry's individualism, are purveying an idyll which is a figment of their imaginations.

The old primitive small holding was, in any case, too archaic to survive into the epoch of industrialization. It has not survived either in Britain or in the United States; even in France, its classical homeland, we have witnessed a dramatic shrinkage of the peasantry in recent years.

In Russia the small holding was a formidable obstacle to the nation's progress: it was unable to provide food for the growing urban population, and it could not even feed the children of the overpopulated countryside. The only reasonable alternative to forcible collectivization lay in some form of collectivization or cooperation based on the peasantry's consent. Just how realistic this alternative was no one can now say with any certainty. What is certain is that forcible collectivization has left a legacy of agricultural inefficiency and of antagonism between town and country which the Soviet Union has not yet lived down.

These calamities have been aggravated by still another blow suffered by the peasantry—a blow surpassing all the atrocities of the collectivization. Most of the 20 million men that the Soviet Union lost on the battlefields of the second world war were peasants.

So huge was the gap in rural manpower that during the late 1940's and in the 1950's, in most villages, only women, children and old men were seen working in the fields. This accounted in some measure for the stagnant condition of farming; for dreadful strains on family relations, sexual life and rural education; and for more than the normal amount of apathy and inertia in the countryside.

The peasantry's weight in the nation's social and political life has, in consequence of all these events, steeply declined. The condition of farming remains a matter of great concern, for it affects the standard of living and the morale of the urban population. A poor harvest is still a critical event politically; and a succession of bad harvests contributed to Khrushchev's downfall in 1964.

Nor has the peasantry been truly integrated into the new industrial structure of society. Much of the old individualistic farming, of the most petty and archaic kind, is still going on behind the facade of the *kolkhoz*. Within a stone's throw of automated computer-run concerns there are still shabby bazaars crowded with rural traders.

Yet the time when the Bolsheviks were afraid that the peasantry might be the agent of a capitalist restoration has long passed. True, there are rich *kolkhozes* and poor ones, and here and there a crafty *muzhik* manages to obviate all rules and regulations and to rent land, surreptitiously employ hired labor, and make a lot of money. However, these survivals of primitive capitalism are hardly more than a marginal phenomenon.

If the present population trend, i.e., the migration from country to town, continues, as it is likely to do, the peasantry will go on shrinking; and there will probably be a massive shift from the collectively owned to the state owned farms. Eventually, farming may be expected to be "Americanized" and to employ only a small fraction of the nation's manpower.

Meanwhile, even though the peasantry is dwindling, the *muzhik* tradition still looms very large in Russian life, in custom and manner, in language, literature and the arts. Although a majority of Russians are already living in town, most Russian novels, perhaps four out of five, still take village life as their theme and the *muzhik* as their chief character. Even in his exit he casts a long, melancholy shadow on the new Russia.

AND NOW WE COME to what is, in any sociological description of the USSR, the most complex and puzzling problem, that of the bureaucracy, the managerial groups, the specialists and the intelligentsia. Their numbers and specific weight have grown enormously. Between 11 and 12 million specialists and administrators are employed in the national economy, compared with only half a million in the 1920's, and fewer than 200,000 before the revolution. To these we must add between two and three million regular members of the political hierarchies and of the military establishment. In sheer numbers all these groups, amounting to about one-fifth of the total of those employed by the state, are almost as large as the collectivized peasantry (the *kolkhozes* have only 17 million members). Their social weight is, of course, immeasurably greater.

We must not, however, lump all these groups together and label them as the bureaucracy or the managerial class. A sharp distinction ought to be made between the specialists and administrators with higher education and those with only a secondary one. The actual managerial elements are in the former category, although they are not identical with it. The specialists with higher education form about 40 per cent of the total, i.e., over four and a half million people—or perhaps five and a half, if party cadres and military personnel are included.

Is this then the privileged bureaucracy at which Trotsky once pointed as the new enemy of the workers? Or is this Djilas' New Class? Trotsky, as you may remember, did not take the view that the bureaucracy was a "new class."

I must confess that I hesitate to answer these questions too categorically. I cannot go here into the semantics of

the problem and discuss the definition of class. Let me only say that I make a distinction between economic or social inequality and class antagonism. The difference between highly paid skilled workers and unskilled ones is an example of an inequality which does not amount to a class antagonism; it is a difference within the same social class. To my mind Djilas' view about the "new class of exploiters" and similar ideas about the Soviet "managerial society" are simplifications which, far from clarifying the issue, obscure it.

The status of the privileged groups in Soviet society is more ambiguous than the one or the other label suggests. They are a hybrid element; they are and they are not a class. They have certain features in common with the exploiting classes of other societies; and they lack some of the latter's essential characteristics. They enjoy material and other advantages which they defend stubbornly and brutally.

Here again, beware of sweeping generalizations. About one-third of the total number of specialists are poorly paid teachers—the Soviet press has recently been vocal with many complaints about their living conditions. The same is true about most of the half million doctors. Many of the two million engineers, agronomers and statisticians earn less than a highly skilled worker. Their standard of living is comparable to that of our lower middle class.

This is admittedly well above the standard of living of the unskilled and semi-skilled worker. But it would be poor sociology, Marxist or otherwise, to ascribe this modest prosperity to the exploitation of labor. Only the upper strata of the bureaucracy, of the party hierarchy, the managerial groups and the military personnel, live in conditions comparable to those enjoyed by the rich and the *nouveaux riches* in capitalist society.

It is impossible to define the size of these groups; let me repeat that the statistical data about their numbers and incomes are carefully concealed. What these groups have in common with any exploiting class—I am using the term here in its Marxist sense—is that their incomes are at least partly derived from the "surplus value" produced by the workers. Moreover, they dominate Soviet society economically, politically, and culturally.

But what this so-called "new class" lacks is property. They own neither means of production nor land. Their material privileges are confined to the sphere of consumption. Unlike the managerial elements in our society, they are not able to turn any part of their income into capital: they cannot save, invest and accumulate wealth in the durable and expansive form of industrial stock or of large financial assets. They cannot bequeath wealth to their descendants; they cannot, that is, perpetuate themselves as a class.

Trotsky once predicted that the Soviet bureaucracy would fight for the right to bequeath their possessions to their children, and that they might seek to expropriate the state and become the shareholding owners of trusts and concerns. This prediction, made over 30 years ago, has not come true so far. The Maoists say that capitalism is already being restored in the Soviet Union; presumably they refer to the present decentralization of state control over industry. The evidence for these assertions has been less than scanty so far.

Theoretically, it is possible that the present reaction against the Stalinist overcentralized economic control may stimulate neo-capitalist tendencies among industrial managers. Signs of this may be detected in Yugoslavia—I would not put it higher than that. Yet it is unlikely that such tendencies should gain the upper hand in the USSR, if only because the abandonment of central economic planning would be a crippling blow to Russia's national interest and position in the world.

Speculation apart, the fact that the Soviet bureaucracy has not so far obtained for itself ownership in the means of production accounts for a certain precariousness of its social domination. Property has always been the foundation of any class supremacy. The cohesion and unity of any class depends on it. Property is, for the class that owns it, a character-forming factor. It is also the positive element to the defense of which the class rallies. The battle cry of any possessing class is the "sanctity of property," and not just the right to exploit others.

The privileged groups of Soviet society are not united by any comparable ties. They are in command of industry, as our business managers are; and they exercise the command in an absolute manner. But behind our business managers there are the shareholders, especially the big ones. Soviet managers have not only to acknowledge that all shares belong to the nation, but to profess that they act on the nation's behalf, especially on behalf of the working class. Whether they are able to keep up this pretense or not depends solely on political circumstances. The workers may allow them to keep it up or they may not. They may, like a sluggish lot of shareholders, accept bad managers; or they may dismiss them.

In other words, bureaucratic domination rests on nothing more stable than a state of political equilibrium. This is—in the long run—a far more fragile foundation for social dominance than is any established structure of property relations, sanctified by law, religion and tradition.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK recently about the antagonism, in the Soviet Union and eastern Europe, between the political hierarchies and the technocrats; and some young theorists treat these two groups as fully fledged and opposed social classes, and speak about their "class struggle," very much as we used to speak about the struggle between landlords and capitalists. The technocrats, one is told, with whom the workers may ally themselves, aim at overthrowing the "central political hierarchy" which has usurped power since the revolution.

Yet if the "new class" that has ruled the Soviet Union all these decades has consisted solely of the "central political hierarchy," then its identity is very elusive indeed. Its composition has been repeatedly and sweepingly changed in purge after purge, during Stalin's lifetime and after. Indeed, this "new class" looks very much like a sociologist's Cheshire cat.

In truth, Soviet bureaucracy has exercised power greater than that wielded by any possessing class in modern times; yet its position is more vulnerable than the position normally held by any such class. Its power is so exceptional because it is economic, political and cultural at the same time. Yet, paradoxically, each of these elements of power has had its origin in an act of liberation.

The bureaucracy's economic prerogatives are derived from the abolition of private property in industry and finance; the political ones from the workers' and peasants' total victory over the *ancien régime*; and the cultural ones from the assumption by the state of full responsibility for the people's education and cultural development.

Because of the workers' inability to maintain the supremacy they held in 1917, each of these acts of liberation turned into its opposite. The bureaucracy became the master of a masterless economy; and it established a political and cultural tutelage over the nation. But the conflict between the origin of the power and its character, between the liberating uses for which it was intended and the uses to which it has been put, has perpetually generated high political tensions and recurrent purges, which have again and again demonstrated the lack of social cohesion in the bureaucracy.

The privileged groups have not solidified into a "new class." They have not eradicated from the popular mind the acts of liberation from which they derive their power; nor have they been able to convince the masses—or even themselves—that they have used the power in a manner concordant with those acts. In other words, the "new class" has not obtained for itself the sanction of social legitimacy. It must constantly conceal its own identity, which the bourgeoisie and the landlords have never had to do. It has the sense of being history's bastard.

I have already mentioned the guilty conscience that compels the ruling groups to lump together "workers" and "employees" in one statistical total and to make a state secret of the wage structure and of the distribution of the national income. The "new class" thus disappears in the huge and gray mass of "workers and employees." It hides its face and conceals its share in the national cake. After so many witch-hunts against the levelers, it dare not affront the egalitarianism of the masses.

As one Western observer neatly put it: "Whereas in our middle classes the rule is to keep *up* with the Joneses, in the Soviet Union the privileged people must always remember to keep *down* with the Joneses." This shows something of the methods of Soviet society, something of its underlying morality, and something of the vitality and compelling force of the revolutionary tradition.

Moreover, the Soviet Joneses are coming up *en masse*; they are being educated *en masse*. Where social stratification is based solely on income and function, and not on property, the progress of mass education is a powerful and ultimately irresistible force for equality. In a society expanding on so vast a scale and so rapidly, the privileged groups have constantly to absorb ever new plebeian and proletarian elements, whom they find it ever more difficult to assimilate; and this again prevents the "new class" from consolidating itself socially and politically.

Mass education is spreading faster than the privileged groups expand, faster even than the needs of industrialization require. It is indeed running ahead of the country's economic resources. According to recent educational surveys, 80 per cent of the pupils of Soviet secondary schools, mostly children of workers, demand to be admitted to the universities. The universities cannot accept them. The expansion of higher education cannot keep pace with the spread of secondary education; and industry needs hands. And so the huge mass of young people is being driven back from the gates of the universities to the factories. For all the difficulties this situation creates, it is also unique. It illustrates with dramatic effect how the gulf between brain and brawn is in fact narrowing in the USSR.

The immediate consequence is a relative overproduction of the intelligentsia which is being pressed into the ranks of the working class. The worker-intellectuals are a creative and potentially explosive element in the body politic. The force of the revolutionary tradition has been great enough to compel the bureaucracy to give the workers much more education than has been required on narrow economic grounds, and perhaps more than is safe for the privileged groups.

It may be argued that the bureaucracy is thus breeding its own gravediggers. Such a view may well overdramatize the prospect. But clearly the dynamics of Soviet society are becoming enriched with new contradictions and tensions which will not, I think, allow it to stagnate and ossify under the domination of a "new class."

The Secret Circus

"Marriage is a very serious affair."

LAEL TUCKER WERTENBAKER

Chapter One

[THE RELUCTANT DRAGON]

I HAD TO BANG PRETTY LONG on the cage before Margot finally came down. I'd even thought of banging on the wall, but I knew what *that* would get me.

"You *knew* I was dressing," she said.

She seemed extravagantly lovely. She wore a black sheath, and its décolleté made her as lush as a jungle. Mostly I'm not particularly aware of her physically—like any other husband, I suppose. Or I'm aware of her in a negative way—that her face looks blotched, something like that, or that she's not as beautiful as I wish she were, or that she's not as feminine as I used to think she was.

But every so often she'll look this good and startle me with her beauty and with her self as much as she did when I first met her. Then I'm very happy to be married to her.

I thought: I'll say out loud to her, *Margot, I promise never again to get out of the cage with you.* But she spoke first.

She said, "Do you have enough ice?"

Margot has a fetish about ice. She never thinks there's enough.

"Yes," I said. The ice bucket was full. "Plenty for right now. More would melt if you brought it out."

"Well, don't skimp. The refrigerator is filled with it. I started making it yesterday."

I could just see the refrigerator neatly filled with clear plastic bags full of ice cubes made from our three usable trays. Actually, it had been a long time since I'd gone into the kitchen at all, much less examined the refrigerator, and maybe Margot had gotten other ice trays: maybe, even, Margot had gotten us a separate freezer. But no, I would have known about that.

All in all, I thought the refrigerator was probably filled with those plastic bags of ice cubes. At least that's how Margot always brought me the ice, in those bags.

She started off toward the kitchen, but then turned to me again. "What were you banging for?"

"You forgot to give me the water."

"Oh." She paused and thought. She really did look lovely. I wanted to go over and undress her. But aside from being in the cage, there was the company coming shortly. She said, "I guess I'll just get one pitcher. It always seems to me the water gets flat if it's out too long."

"Flat?"

"You know. Little bubbles along the sides of the pitcher."

She went off to the kitchen. I thought about the little bubbles along the sides of the pitcher. She was right, of course. But I didn't know that I'd have been able to tell the difference just by tasting. But maybe it's so. Women are sensitive to things like that.

She came back and put it outside the little door of the cage, the one near the floor that I could get my arm through and bring in fairly sizable objects, but which I couldn't get through myself. She went across the room to the wall by the piano and pushed the button. The door clicked open without the fanfare of the big door and I reached out and got the pitcher.

"Thanks," I said, and snapped the little door shut again so that she could hear it click *locked.*

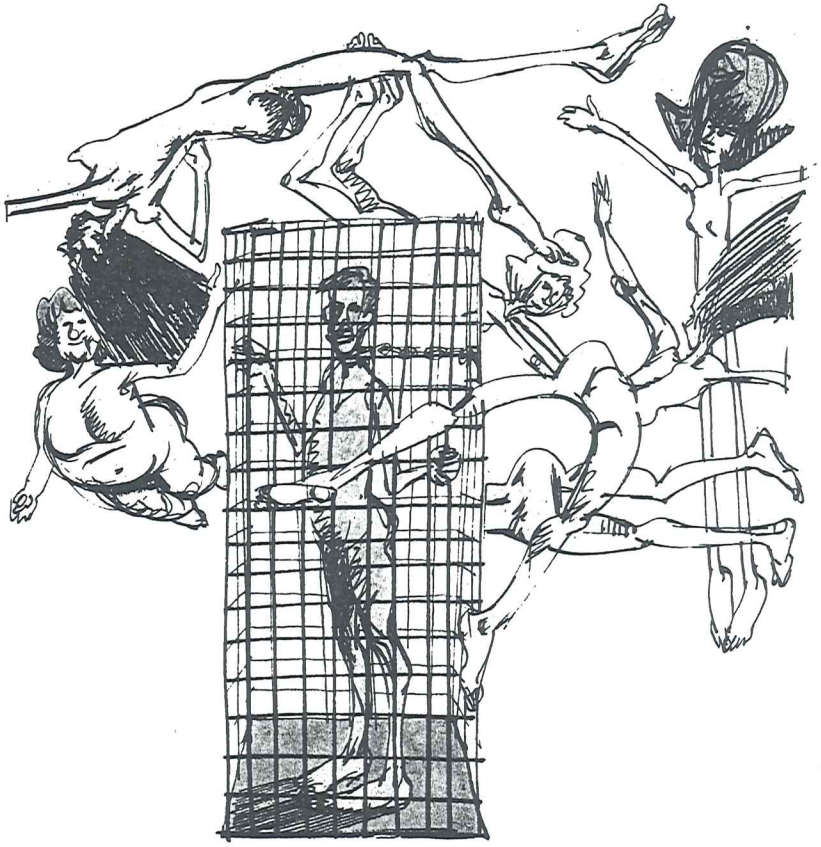
"I hope the Elbertsons aren't late," she said. "After all, I want them to meet everyone."

Actually, she wanted everyone to meet the Elbertsons. She wanted to show them off as friends of ours. I suppose Margot thought that our knowing the Elbertsons made us look something special to our friends. I didn't care one way or another. I hadn't even met them yet. They were our new next-door neighbors, Hollywood people who had come east for some work in the theatre and had sublet from a minor theater type who had gone west to do some work in filmed TV. She was an actress, a sex goddess I was told, but of the variety which keeps its clothes on and can act and appeals to men who want something between a teen-age nymphomaniac and mother, that is, a filly who looks good in the paddock, can run the mile plus, and can command a price for bearing offspring any time in her career.

I had only seen an occasional shot of her in *Time* or *Life*, which was what Margot got me every week, along with *The New Yorker*, but of course there are no pictures in *The New Yorker*. And he was a producer of some sort. Apparently, he was producing a play in New York, which our community is a suburb of. I was interested in it because I think the title was something like *There's No Tomorrow Except the Tomorrow That Finished Last Today, Baby*. Eventually, when it opened, the play finished last, too. In between, it gave Mrs. Elbertson a lot of time.

Mrs. Elbertson, I remembered from *Life*, had the kind of legs that can give you an erection if you live in a cage. There were never any bosom shots, just the legs with the skirt pulled up a bit as she sat on a ship's rail or climbed into a private airplane.

by Richard Frede



Illustrations by Gene Holtan

Or the legs coming out *live* from a leotard. Long blond legs shooting out from black tights. Very sexy. Anyway, it seemed so to me in the cage.

(It also seemed something else to me in the cage as I waited for the guests to arrive and for the party to start. It seemed to me that in my mind I had a very explicit picture of Mrs. Elbertson without her clothes on. I couldn't explain it to myself, for of course I hadn't been out of the house in some time. But there it was. Or rather, I should say, there *she* was, Mrs. Elbertson, quite recognizably Mrs. Elbertson, in my mind with no clothes on. And she did indeed look very handsome.)

My wife smiled at me. "You look very handsome," she said. "I'll be very proud of you."

I was very pleased and could not keep myself from smiling. I stood very straight in the dark blue suit with vest which she had brought down to me a while back, and preened for her. I felt very affectionate toward her just then. I suppose it was a combination of her compliment and her own loveliness that brought us just a moment, just a few seconds, of that passionate tranquillity and understanding that wives and husbands experience with mounting infrequency after they have begun to know each other too well and the unexpected is of an entirety with only these selfsame moments of affinity and affection.

"You look beautiful, Margot," I said. I think she began to blush; certainly she was as pleased by the sincerity of my compliment as I was by the sincerity of hers.

As I said, she *did* look extraordinarily lovely, and just extraordinary—smooth almost golden skin, raven hair, which she had let down (nearly to her shoulders) instead of pulling into its usual bun, a look of pleasure and happy expectancy on her almost oriental face. For the first time in months I was aware of how much I loved her and how proud I was of her. I became eager for the guests to arrive so that they could envy me my possession.

RECENTLY I HAD THOUGHT that Margot's face had become a bit hard, and had supposed it was probably the racetrack doing it to her and had wondered how I might have done something about it. Unburdened her of business, or changed lines of work, or anything. But I hadn't thought of a solution. Meanwhile, the edges of her mouth seemed to turn down fractions, her lips seemed to be minutely contracted, and I'd thought: Well, maybe she's just getting a little age, looking a little older, I can't have her young forever. But she was still twenty-six, had not had any children or the to-do with bringing them up, and I was still a young husband, twenty-nine, and rather successful, especially for my line of business. So there was nothing I could see that would explain the lips, the set of the mouth to me—not business, not age, not me.

Perhaps I was imagining it, the husband becoming an unappreciative critic of his wife's beauty. Perhaps she had always had that set to her mouth and lips and I had never had cause to notice it. This was an acceptable way to think of it, so I thought of it that way.

Still, she startled me with her beauty that evening, and I noted that her lips were *not* compressed, *not* turned down at the corners. Perhaps she had a lover, perhaps she had prepared herself for *him* this evening, not for me. I had never thought of the possibility before. It is only when you become aware of something being dear to you that you also become aware of the dangers it might attract. But she *had* said *I* looked handsome.

She was checking (again) the cigarette boxes and lighters. She turned around to me. Black sheath, net calves, stark décolleté, golden bosom. "Would you like to have a baby?"

I had been thinking I might sneak a drink before the guests arrived, and now I wished I had mixed one and had it, a magic security, in my hand.

"Are you going to?"

It had been a long time since we'd made real love—maybe seven months—but that didn't mean anything, I'd heard that women keep these things to themselves until they're certain. And it wasn't that I didn't want a child—I love kids—I just didn't feel prepared as yet; but then I thought: Does *any* prospective father? But then I thought: *The lover?* and felt some rage, felt jealousy I had forgotten Margot could still stimulate in me.

"No, I'm not. I just thought it might be nice. For us." We looked at each other nervously. "I'm getting older—so I've been thinking about it."

I watched her, still thinking about the lover. She *did* look a bit nervous, either because of being impregnated by her lover, or because she was so eager to have a child and was flustered and embarrassed to talk about it.

She said, "A child might be good company for you." She said, "Like when I'm away all day during the season. You could play games together."

We had tried a dog, but I couldn't tend to it properly and it was constantly messing up the house when Margot was out, and I, being in the cage, couldn't open the door to let it go out. We'd tried a cat, too; but it rarely stayed in the room with me, and never came near enough the cage for me to pet it. The TV, with a remote control, had worked out to be the best solution. That and the magazines Margot brought home for me, and an occasional novel she approved of, and, of course, the daily papers.

I was very careful that what I said was accurately put—after all, we already had as well-organized and smooth-running and consistent a home life as a husband could possibly ask for. "I don't know that I'm *mature* enough yet to be a proper father. Do *you* think I am?"

"*Hal.*" Now I saw it again. The lips, the mouth. "Does any man ever? Does any *male* ever?"

"I don't know."

"I think men just get married to have a permanent mistress. Because they're tired of the chase, or the uncertainty of it. Maybe that's what they think, too, only they don't think it out loud to themselves, they'd have to admit they were getting old."

"At *twenty-three?*" That was how old I was when we got married. Margot was twenty, a proficient and clever girl about to graduate from college.

"At any time." She took out a cigarette and waved me off as I offered my lighter. Maybe she just didn't want to walk across the room to the cage. She lit the cigarette with a match, looked at it uncertainly, then placed it carefully in a company-clean ashtray and sat on the couch.

She looked at me, and though I'm used to it, I was very aware of being in a cage. "You just want a permanent mistress. And you conveniently forget that making love is primarily our means of procreation. It is not primarily our means of pleasure."

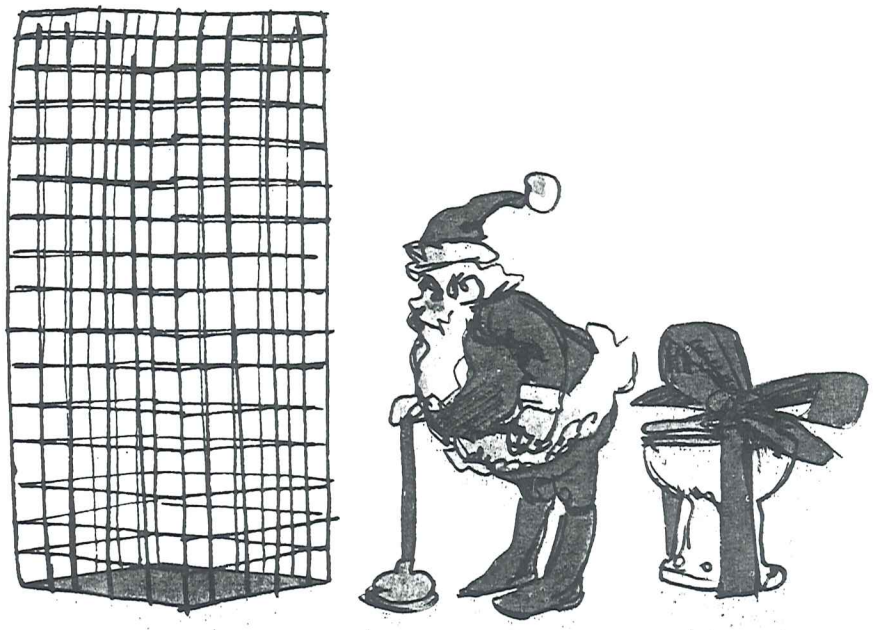
I thought about how long it had been since I'd been inside her. A couple of years ago, when there'd been a long dry spell, she'd discovered I'd masturbated, and she didn't approve of that. Also, I think it frightened her. So she'd attended to me fairly regularly after that. I'd get undressed and she'd get undressed and she'd let me feel her through the cage and then she'd use her hand on me. This was fairly satisfactory for me, but I was worried that it gave her so little satisfaction. We talked about it (the way all well-married couples will talk things over) and she said her satisfaction was in my being satisfied and not to worry about her. There was no reason not to believe her, so I did.

Occasionally, just a few times a year—five or six—she'd get into a position where I could get into her through the cage. I've had a lot of women in a variety of circumstances and positions, but this was *really* sexy stuff, so sexy, in fact, that it would leave Margot with tears, her hand through the cage pressing my face against her wet cheek. The tenderness which followed these occasions was as deep as it was rare.

One—well, first I better explain about the cage. It's in the corner of the livingroom. It has two walls which are the walls of the house—the corner of the livingroom—and these walls are reinforced with three-quarter-inch steel plate. Then the other two walls, which complete the enclosure, are made out of three-quarter-inch steel tubing which runs both vertically and horizontally and gives a nice and decorative and modernistic gridlike effect. The interstices in the grid were most practically designed. They are a bit wider and taller than our highball glasses. Enough wider, anyway, so that I can pass a drink through.

The space inside is four feet by four feet—quite roomy, actually. I have a straight-back chair with a handsome pillow on it Margot gave me last Christmas (just for a joke it says *MOTHER* on it, our guests always get a laugh out of it, and Margot knitted it herself), and there is a shelf table that folds off the wall like the ones on the back of the seat in front of you on airliners (the evening I am now talking about, as on other party evenings, the shelf was down and stocked with various handsome and colorful bottles of liquor, olives, lemon slices, ashtray, ice bucket, tongs, pitcher of water—the space beneath it on the floor occupied by quarts of club soda, ginger ale, and quinine water).

Running through each steel tube of the grid, there is embedded a wire through which electricity continually passes. If I should ever try to cut through I would have to cut a wire, and an alarm would go off to alert Margot. What she would do then, I don't know. It's one of those things that even as husband and wife we've never been able to talk about. Maybe



because of being husband and wife. It has occurred to me that maybe she discusses it, from time to time, with her girl friends, fellow married women. (Living in a cage, you sometimes get the strangest thoughts, like my having thought maybe Margot had a lover.)

There are some other rather interesting appointments, and remember that Margot thought of most of them all by herself; I was only able to help out a little bit. For instance, there is the Big Door and I can walk out of it any time I want. All I do is push a button on the control panel behind me. Red lights, of which there are several in every room in the house, begin flashing on and off. Next to Margot's bed a buzzer goes off. (She thought, and I agree with her, it would be crude, especially if guests were around, for buzzers to go off all over the house.) There is a two-minute wait. Then a single, loud but rather pleasing gong sounds in the livingroom; there is another twenty-second wait, and then a pleasant little scale is played on some chimes and the Big Door clicks open. I can then walk out.

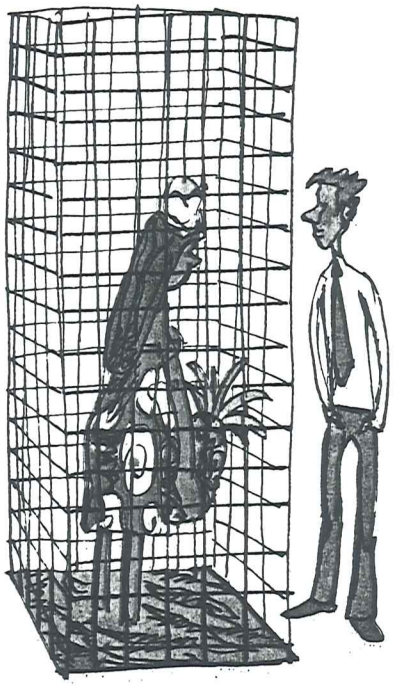
How *far* I can walk is determined by what Margot calls a *chain-length* control. It may be set at *long* or short, depending upon how much freedom Margot wants to let me have in the livingroom. Of course, the control is positioned so that I can't get to it under any circumstances.

I do so several times a day. The chain attached to my steel collar is quite long enough for me to go to the downstairs bathroom. This also, the bathroom off the livingroom, was a Christmas present from Margot, the first year I was in the cage. Up till then I'd had a chamber pot and wet washcloths with which to sponge-bathe. I've always thought this present was also something just a tiny bit selfish on Margot's part, for when we had company and I drank too much there was nothing for it but to turn my back on the guests, even if one was speaking to me, and go in the pot. I think this embarrassed Margot. And I think she didn't like the smell all over the livingroom if I went while she was out and the pot sat around unemptied for a couple of hours. I think, too, that she didn't much want to do for me in cleaning and caring for the pot and its contents. That's why I say I think there may have been a bit of a selfish motive in her having the bathroom built as a Christmas gift for me.

But she did manage to surprise me with it, and the way she accomplished the surprise was very clever indeed. She told me later it wouldn't have been a surprise if workmen had come in a few days before Christmas and begun hacking up the other side of the livingroom next to the archway into the diningroom. Margot thought and thought how she could make it a surprise, and finally—I told you she was clever—she found a solution that delighted me on Christmas Day.

We sipped a very nice brandy I had gotten her (one of my friends had brought it in for me, as other friends had gotten the other presents I gave her—believe me, I'd gotten her so many that year I could barely find room for *myself* in the cage) and alternated opening presents. The last present she gave me, having opened and poured for us an unexpected bottle of really good champagne she'd chilled, was a scroll all done up in ribbons. I hadn't the least idea what it could be, unless it was like the diploma of love I'd given her when she graduated from college.

It was the blueprint of the bathroom, or, more accurately, lavatory. For one of the last times, after we'd finished the



champagne, she emptied the pot. Then we held hands through the cage, and, I think, both felt as contented and quietly loving as any couple can.

There was, in this gift—the lavatory—another hidden, implicit gift, too. Any husband, any man, likes to watch good workmen work, and there I was in my cage right opposite where the work was being done. And not having to go to an office every day, I saw the whole job from start to finish. It was better than television. In fact, in those days of watching these highly skilled carpenters and plumbers at work—these *craftsmen*—those days of smelling pine board and studs being cut, of smelling and watching all the while, those days of wallboard going up and insulation stuck in and wet stucco being slapped on, I was miserable that I had not chosen less sophisticated work than my own. I feverishly wanted to be cutting and threading pipe, and glooping it and welding a seam around it; wanted to swiftly and exactly saw a board and nail it, wanted, in effect, work where I got my hands on things instead of just thinking about things. The money didn't make any difference to me. I wanted a *man's* work—there's something unmanly about just using your mind all day.

There was comradeship too. And once I'd told the two guys where it lived, we each had a couple of snorts every afternoon. Margot only pretended not to notice that the Scotch supply dwindled with a foreseeable regularity. But before a bottle was entirely empty, she always replaced it. I think it is gentle, understanding gestures like this which ultimately keep a couple together.

After I return from the bathroom and pull the Big Door locked, there is a series of little bells that tinkle up and down a scale and the red lights stop flashing. The chain, when I touch a button on the control panel, recedes into the wall with just enough slack to leave me entirely free in the cage. Margot was very clever in this respect, too. She feared something might go wrong with the machinery and that the chain would continue to withdraw into the wall and pull my neck crushed as it tried to draw all of me through a four-inch circle (for lightness and comfort, the chain is made of links of half-inch magnesium tubing with the usual electrically wired interior). So, about four feet from the back of the collar, there is a magnesium disk, much like the rat shields you see on the mooring lines of ships, which would hit the wall and prevent further withdrawal of the chain. The motor which pulls in the chain—another Christmas gift from Margot, who realized how tedious it was for me to slide the chain back into the wall myself and whose sense of order was dismayed when I was lazy and left its entire length lying on the floor to clank when I accidentally stepped on it—is not powerful enough to draw the disk through the wall, which is, as I mentioned, also reinforced steel plate painted a soft, dim yellow like the rest of the livingroom.

IN CASE OF FIRE, I have another button on the control panel. I merely place a temple—the choice is mine, either one—against a hole in the wall and press the button. This electrically triggers a thirty-oh-six rifle mounted in the wall which, of course, would kill me instantly. It is much better than being burned alive, and it was Margot's ingenuity and concern for me which provided it, a sincere and welcome birthday gift—welcome because from time to time, when some sort of depression overtook me and I wondered about my own death and what form it might take, I had been fearful of fire and of my being trapped in the cage. I had spared Margot any talk of it, but she had thought of it herself. I hope I am not being trite or pointing out the obvious, but it is also thoughtfulness of this sort—when the wife is aware of her husband's unexpressed worries and *does* something about them on her own—which binds a marriage taut when passion is no longer rampant. Indeed, when passion *is* rampant, the marriage is held together, the two partners are held together, more by a rubber band than by the stuff of permanence. The rubber band loses its flexibility, and then decays and breaks. Best that the steel collar of respect be welded before this fragile band breaks.

If the rifle fails to fire, or the shell is a dud (as part of her household chores, Margot changes them monthly), there are four more shells in what Margot tells me is a spring-loaded clip. She worries that fire might attack the mechanism itself and destroy it before I had a chance to use it, or that I might only wound myself, so that she is working out (I know, though she hasn't told me, for it would spoil the surprise) a fail-safe mechanism. She *has* told me that she has thought of giving me cyanide tablets, but was afraid that if I ever got terribly angry at her or someone else I might, as bartender, slip one into their drink. It wasn't for her protection, or for their protection, she didn't give them to me (it was a toss-up between them and the handsome throw cushion last Christmas), but for my own protection, lest I knock someone off and go to prison, or worse, for it. I'm inclined to agree with her. After all, you should never give anyone anything you don't intend them to use, one way or another, some time or other. We may be adult, but we all have the child's desire to break the glass and pull the alarm, just because that's what the placard says to do.

I'm as reasonably happy living in a cage as anyone living in a cage could be. My fantasies are occupied by only the most prominent stars and by the wives of friends of mine, so I guess I'm pretty much like any other husband I know. Only I don't talk about it as much, or put on about how great so-and-so would be in bed. After all, so-and-so is the wife of a friend of mine. And it might get back to the friend. And after all, you've got to make a distinction between fantasy and reality somewhere, or else they'll lock you up.

As I say, I'm reasonably happy. Occasionally I miss outdoor exercise. I talk about it at our cocktail parties after about three drinks. But I look around, and all the other guys talk about outdoor exercise, but you rarely hear that they've done any, except to cook a steak on the grill in the back yard.

Sometimes, too, I think about escape. But it's not *how* I'd escape that worries me (I'm intelligent enough to figure *that* out if I ever wanted to), but what I'd escape to. Or who. There isn't anything or anyone I can think of that interests me enough to make the matter, the effort, worthwhile. There was an article in *Time* about Gauguin once, and I thought about going to Tahiti, but then I learned the *one*-way fare there on an airplane was six hundred and ninety-nine dollars if you went first class, and who wants to spend a month on a freighter where even the company, much less the food, might be miserable? Anyway, I couldn't think of anything I'd want to do there once I got there, except maybe screw around a bit for a while. I can't paint like Gauguin. And screwing is overrated unless there's love, or maybe a cage.

So I was reasonably happy in the cage, I'd adjusted to my environment. I could think of more glamorous ways to pass

my life, but certainly not more secure ways. For one thing, I told myself, I hadn't the talent for the glamorous ways, and for another, I half loved Margot just for her predictability—another security, and one no less important to keeping a marriage together than the ones I've already mentioned.

After all the lyric poems are written and read, after all the romantic and happy-ending movies and TV shows are seen, after all the male-female relationships are explored, it emerges quite obviously, that love is best without passion, for if there is no passion there is no need for restraint, and thus there is only comfort, and at high moments, contentment and tenderness. This is best, I thought, because otherwise we would be screwing in the streets (someone might even be screwing my Margot) and there would be no order. Morality is the keystone of civilization, and if you want morality, *sic*, civilization, it is best to avoid passion, even with your own wife if you can manage it. It only upsets her and you have words, or, worse, you have *no* words, and there goes civilization.

Well, I started off, a while back, to tell about this one time I was having Margot through the cage, preparatory to feeling her wet cheek against mine. I was thinking about that, though the rest of me was all flamed up and as curious of her and as careful and insistent as the day we were married, when I thought: What a helluva thing for both of us if I had her out of the cage. It wouldn't be as sexy, but it would be different. I knew how submerged in our passion she was, so I pushed the Big Door open, and just as I thought, she didn't notice the lights (her eyes were strained shut) or even the gong and chimes, and I pulled out of her, and with the chain clanking out of the wall behind me (you can never do something really passionate without having to do something so ridiculous that it damn near ruins everything first), I got out of the cage and had her on the livingroom floor.

In my mind I kept hearing the gong, even though Margot didn't seem to notice. It was like the two-minute warning at the end of a football game with my team behind by two touchdowns and not even any time-outs left: I was just playing out an irreversible disaster.

Well, at first Margot was all with me, tearing at my back with her nails and winding her legs all which way about me and punishing her mouth with mine, and then, suddenly, she just sort of *let* me, just lay there, and her eyes were open and nothing much going on in them or the rest of her, except that she was looking right at me. It was a direct look, and neither soft nor hard. She was just letting me. I saw it, the look, just once, when I opened my eyes to check by the expression on her face how she was getting along, and that was all it took, that one look, and her pretty much motionless. I felt myself begin to miss passion, so I finished before I couldn't finish at all. I stayed with her a moment, though I'd wanted to get back to the cage even earlier (when I'd realized I was precipitating a disaster by getting out of the cage), to indicate I loved her no matter what I'd done, and then I went off to the bathroom.

Later I had to bang all hell out of the cage for her to bring me a drink, and then she made a big point of a headache and how she'd nevertheless fixed dinner for me but none for herself because she felt too worn down to eat. She didn't say *ill*, she said *worn down*.

That was the time seven months ago. For a month she wouldn't even use her hand on me, which was just as well with me. I was ashamed, *that* ashamed. Then one day while we were discussing some grocery order she was getting ready, she did, she started in on me with her hand without even getting undressed and without me getting very much undressed and without letting me get my hands on her. Then she went away, looking neither satisfied nor unsatisfied, and called our grocery for the things we were out of.

It had been entirely that way for seven months, till the evening of the party. I had decided, when she came down: I'll tell her I'll promise not to get out of the cage. But I couldn't get the words out. If I'd said it when she'd complimented me, she'd have heard what she wanted to hear and she'd have known that it had nothing to do with right then and there, but was a statement of love to make all right between us. But I was unable to say it, even in my love.

I had been getting pretty sick and tired of her hand, and now, along with the cage, there were her clothes on her, too. For that moment when she'd first come downstairs and we'd smiled at each other and been proud of each other, I'd thought we'd cleaned up, or were about to, everything that had been rotten between us for so long. The unexpressed emotions, the unsaid words, the civility.

So when she said that business about maybe having a child, all I could say was, "I don't know." I felt that a child would trap me, that I'd be trapped by having a child, that I wouldn't even have the freedom of *choosing* not to go to Tahiti.

I wanted to tell Margot this, that I felt trapped. In other, earlier, days this would have been possible, and Margot's understanding would have soothed away my doubts or fears, and would have made me want what she wanted, but now, *no*, because there was no talking of that sort between us.

Chapter Two

[RELUCTANT CLOWNS]

THE DOORBELL CHIMED and Margot snuffed out her cigarette and got up from the couch and straightened her lovely simple dress around her lovely figure. She said, "I hope that isn't the Durwoods. They're always so early. And so boring."

I wanted to cry at her, We should have *talked!*

Instead, I mixed myself a drink, a Scotch-on-the-rocks. I take my liquor as neat as possible so that the volume of liquid in me doesn't force me to leave the cage too often when guests are around. Of course, later in the evening, when the drinking really became constant and heavy and the atmosphere was overwarm and stenched with tobacco smoke, I'd have to make the journey several times. But by then it wouldn't matter; everyone would be too happy and loaded and too lethargic to think about it. And by then, with my progress to the bathroom being less a dramatic occasion in spite of the lights and gongs and tinkling chimes as I left the cage, I could switch over to light Scotch-and-sodas. Less alcoholic, but greater volume and so the necessity to make more frequent trips outside the cage.

One night I didn't taper off into the lighter stuff. I kept on the Scotch-on-the-rocks until late in the evening, and got kind of loaded and free feeling, and so pushed the Big Door button and came out and sat on the floor with the other people who were still with us and as drunk as we were, the men's jackets off, the cigarettes not quite put out and smoldering in the overfilled ashtrays, the drinks no longer carefully placed in coasters but slopped down on the bare coffee-table surface—the women beginning to yawn, wanting to go home, as they nursed drinks against their husbands' finally tiring or collapsing. I just sat there and laughed and occasionally got up and refilled drinks against insincere protests; but returning from one such excursion, having delivered the glass and sat on the floor again, I saw Margot looking at me. That time was almost as bad as the time I came out of the cage to be with her. I stopped insisting that everyone have another drink, stopped being conversational or even laughing, and pretty soon the remainder of the guests tipped the remainder of their drinks back and left.

Margot was decent enough to me afterward, except when I went to mix myself another drink. She was unpleasant about that. So I stayed in the cage and locked myself in while she cleaned up. I only opened the little door when she came for the bar supplies. We didn't say goodnight to each other, and the next day we couldn't talk, except things like (me to her), "Are you finished with the second section of the *Times*?" or (her to me), "Are you hungry yet? I'll be glad to fix something for you if you are," or (her to me), as I began to relax, "Have you done tomorrow's entries yet? You didn't figure so well yesterday," or (me to her), "You sure made a good party last night. . . . Everyone loved it, everyone had a great time . . ."

"Thanks." But she didn't look up from her section of the paper.

"*Everyone* did. I really mean it."

"Mmmm . . . I'm trying to concentrate on this thing by Howard Taubman, darling."

She's always putting me down with aesthetics. Because I was I.E.—Industrial Engineering. With a minor in math.

I spent the afternoon with a big piss wanting to get out, but I was too scared, because of the noise and what it might do to Margot's mood, to open the Big Door. I didn't want to upset her any more than she already was. I was scared of what it might lead to.

Finally she went upstairs with a headache. I stood it as long as I could, and then I couldn't stand it any longer—and I figured I'd given her enough time to get really to sleep—so I pushed the button to open the Big Door and I tried as hard as I knew how and as carefully as I knew how not to clank the chain as I crossed the floor.

She was waiting for me when I came out of the bathroom, and I knew it wasn't a courtesy visit by the way she rubbed her hair and her face, and her temples and her forehead.

"You couldn't go when I was *down* here and *up*," she said. "No. *You* had to wait till I'd finally told you I had a headache—a *bad* headache—and then wait till I got upstairs and *then* wait till I took some aspirin and then wait till *I was almost asleep*, and *then* set off every noise in the house you could think of."

I told her I was sorry, which I was, but it wasn't much good. It never is, in situations like that.

I was too ashamed about having come out of the cage like that, I mean the night before, drinking so much and all, and then coming right out of the cage and mingling with the guests, *sitting* with them. And I guess Margot was too embarrassed about the night before when she had to display her displeasure at my having come out like that. Anyway, Sunday wasn't much of a day between us—we were both feeling guilty, I guess; I don't know about what exactly.

NOW I HEARD SUDDEN GREAT LAUGHTER from the hall. It *was* the Durwoods, and there were no other people I'd less want to start a party with—both for Margot's sake and my sake, and for the sake of the next couple, whoever they might be, who would come in and be stranded in a conversational desert.

The Durwoods—Ian and Jane—were neighbors the other side of us from the Elbertsons and had welcomed *us* into the neighborhood just as we were about to welcome the Elbertsons. For that reason, it was most impractical *not* to invite the Durwoods to any party we had of more than ten or fifteen people. Tonight we were having forty—twenty couples—without dinner. Margot had a maid coming in about eight to begin on the cleaning up, and planned to call out for pizza for whoever—there would surely be a few—just stayed. She'd also, she'd told me, laid in salad makings, beer, and a couple of extra cans of espresso. When you have a party like this you can never tell how many will stay or for how long, or what they'll expect. I just figure, get in a six months' supply of liquor and what's left over will last you another three or four months.

Hearing the Durwoods laughing, hearing Margot being the excited young matron giving a party, I looked carefully and quickly and anxiously under the couch. No, you couldn't see the blankets. I was always afraid of people seeing the blankets when we gave a party, or when anyone was in, even when they were building the downstairs bath for me.

The room is quite presentable, quite pleasant. There are windows all along one wall, a handsome mantled fireplace on another, some occasional chairs and tables, nice warm lamps, a plum-colored wall-to-wall carpet, and an even richer-colored, plum-colored wall-to-wall sofa in silk. The whole room, in fact, demonstrates Margot's femininity. She even had a plum-colored enamel made up with which she herself painted the bars of my cage. She wouldn't let me help her a bit, and she even brought me beers while I sat there watching her paint. I remember she had on an old pair of paint-spattered pants—rolled up and cinched in with string because they were mine—and an old sweat shirt of mine, equally spattered and ill-fitting, but boy did that make her *sexy*. And on top of that, she came right *inside* the cage to paint, to get the inside as even as the outside (so I wouldn't just see dribbles and irregular strokes while the outside was smooth and even), and I could hardly manage to keep my hands off her. But I did. So we had a pretty nice time. Me with the beer, and her with the paint, and her so close. I remember it, among many good times, as one of the nicest afternoons we ever had together.

I guess a lot that had to do with it was what you read about great married couples: *mutual respect*. I kept my hands off her, and she made the house nicer for me.

For instance—as part of her wifely duties, before she goes upstairs at night, Margot gets the blankets out from under the sofa and makes it up for me to sleep on. And then, in the morning, she strips the blankets off and refolds and replaces them, making everything fresh and well ordered again.

I sleep there in the livingroom, the cage not being big enough—Margot hadn't wanted it to take up too much room and be conspicuous or spoil the co-ordination of the rest of the decor. She had the same problem placing the television set for me.

What I fear about someone discovering the blankets there under the sofa is that they'll realize my wife and I aren't sleeping together.

But the blankets are plum-colored too, and with the darkness under the couch, they almost seem to be *part* of the couch.

Often Margot would come down and sleep with me in the livingroom. Right on the floor. Not close enough, of course, for the chain and collar to allow me to get to her, but she'd be there when we awoke in the morning and we'd smile shyly at each other, and with pleasure, like newlyweds awakening together.

It was something that always moved me, that Margot would sleep on the floor just to be near me, while I had all the comfort of the couch. I once offered, *insisted*, she take the couch, but she pointed out that the couch would have to be moved to be out of reach of the chain, and that would mean spoiling and redoing the entire scheme of the room.

So we continued our accommodations as we had. Margot on the floor, suffering, bundled round and round with three or four blankets even in the summer, and me on the couch, contented with the softness of my lair, but guiltily conscious that Margot wasn't as comfortable as I and unhappily conscious that she wasn't physically closer to me.

In the mornings she was the nicest, with little-girl sweetness and modesty and charm. She would be attentive then, and loving. As she went about the day she seemed first to be a flirtatious teen-ager, then, at lunch, a beautiful, poised, and most desirable wife; and then, when she returned from the races early in the evening, sexless.

How could I be sure my business was the cause of it? For when there was no business to transact, she aged even more rapidly and before noon. In fact, when the season in our area had finished, she would become haggard and withdrawn by noon.

My business is betting on racehorses. I'm good at it—so good that my goodness at it was one of the reasons why we worked out the cage. Though it was only just *one* reason, Margot felt that it was best that I be protected. Just make the selections and not be tempted by the excitement of the crowd, the colors a horse wore, or a pretty lady sitting at the next table from mine in the clubhouse betting on a horse I hadn't thought to bet on.

Difficult as it is to admit to myself, Margot was right about the cage as she almost always was about anything important in my business. I fight with her, of course—a man hates to have his wife disagree with him about a decision affecting his own business. But she can almost always outlast my resentment and insistence that I am right, and almost always *she* turns out to be right.

When I was in college there was a racetrack less than a forty-five-minute drive away. I went there once with some friends in my senior year and won (for me in the undergraduate's usual financial state) quite a bit, starting with ten dollars to play with and ending up with nearly fifty—and this was my first time out ever.

I go by a combination of names, odds, and previous record, and what I can only call instinct—business acumen. I pretty much play the shorter odds, rarely higher than six-to-one, almost never higher than eight-to-one, and weed out my horse by a name that "talks" to me, his previous record, and then, if there is still indecision, my instinct, my business acumen. If this still leaves me uncertain, I will infrequently bet on two horses in the same race, and more often, on none.

Every evening, with a Scotch-and-soda which Margot has wifelike and attentively made for me, and with our hi-fi system playing a symphony (Margot brings me a variety of new records, but finds that symphonies are best, concertos and chamber music tending to make me erratic), and Margot, somewhat softened after having been home from the races for a while, a drink on the coffee table, her eyes closed and her face gentle as she listens to the music, a fire going if the weather has any chill to it (the chill being the excuse we need for a fire in a community where wood for a fireplace is almost prohibitively expensive), I go over the next day's entries and make my picks.

The problem, the thing that worries me is giving Margot a hardness to her face before her time, is that the amount of each succeeding bet is a product of the amount won or lost on the last race as factored by the day's initial investment. Since I am not there to supervise, this burden of the decision of the amount of investment is placed entirely on Margot. No wonder she is strained after the day. My job is so much simpler.

In the eight months we are able to do business in our own area, we make about twenty thousand a year. But we live simply, have no major extravagances, and so can afford and enjoy a number of minor ones. My hi-fi records, Margot's parties, and furnishings for the house.

As THE DURWOODS came into the livingroom, I looked, guiltily, again at the darkness beneath the sofa, then covered my glance with a belt from my glass.

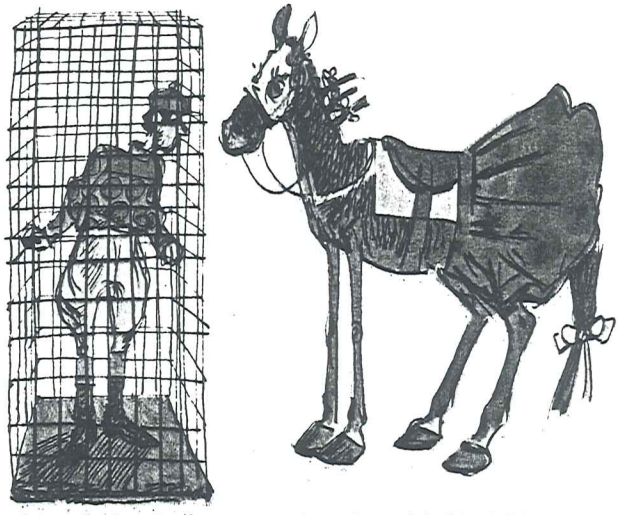
"Okay, buster," Durwood said, flourishing all kinds of happy looks, "*hand over the cash and no one'll get hurt.*"

Everyone makes a joke about the cage. I guess it eases their self-consciousness about it. With the complete boors the joke is usually some business having to do with the zoo. With the semi-literate boors, like Durwood, the cage reminds them of a teller's cage in an old-time bank. *Last* time out, though, Durwood—as usual, the first person at the party—had shown sparkling imagination and originality and had rushed across the room and yelled at me, "Let me in! *I want to go to the tenth floor!*"

Later in the evening he'd repeated the line and explained to other guests how very disappointed he'd been that I hadn't *taken him up* on it. He enjoyed many a chuckle—all his own—on that one.

The sophisticated pretend not to notice the cage at all—though of course they all get around to talking about it to me by the end of the evening, the way a tanked-up liberal white will start talking race relations with a Negro late of a drinking evening. It is to say, *Say, I don't care what color you are*—but it means, *I'm aware of a difference in color and I don't want you to think that I am.*

Usually, the start with me, with the sophisticates late in the evening, goes something like, "Say, I know another guy who lives in a cage. Helluva great guy, one of my closest friends." Then they grin at me all over their drink. Sometimes they expect me to *know* the other guy, as if living in a cage was some sort of fraternal organization (not to mention the problems of simply convening), or as if you could expect a Negro to know every other Negro just because of color similarities, or a Manhattanite to know someone else who happens to live in Manhattan. With the sophisticates, I usually manage to turn ninety degrees to the other screened side of my cage and start



a conversation there; or else the guy's wife comes over and tries to make it all right by trying to make it better and succeeds in making it worse.

The women, on the subject of my cage, are worst of all. They pretend it isn't there. But if I get high, and my hand steals out through the cagework and tries to be affectionate, they suddenly become very glad the cage *is* there and soon get their husbands to take them home, muttering, I suppose, about the host being immoral and lecherous and insulting. *I* am insulted by their leaving the party because if it's a good party and they truly didn't want my attentions, all they had to do to avoid them was move to the other side of the room, or even only two or three feet from the cage. I may get frisky, but I think they're overreacting.

Also about the women—acquisitive and possessive creatures that they sometimes are—I think they're envious. They want their husbands to have one, too.

There are *some* peopie who are too embarrassed to mention it. They usually don't have much fun and leave early and never come back. And of course, we never go out. I often wonder what becomes of them. I mean, people who avoid reality like that. I bet they can't even walk down a street.

To Durwood's demands for the cash, I said, "How about a drink instead?" A drink is worth a thousand words, especially if you're within hearing distance.

One disadvantage of the cage is that you're a prisoner in your own house at your own party. Fortunately, Margot understands this and comes by and checks my facial expression and the tone of the conversation every so often and steers a trusty away whenever she discovers one. This is another of those caring and instinctive (in a good marriage and in a good woman) wifely gestures I mentioned before. I never even talked about it to Margot. She just does it for me. Thinking of that, as as Durwood shook hands, I felt warm toward Margot, and the party, and even Durwood, became bearable. Margot was standing right there, so I put a hand on her waist. She turned her head and smiled at me. Her smile was: *I am here for you.*

No unfaithful wife Margot.

There *was* no lover. Margot was mine.

I inhaled bliss and felt my contentment as if it were a physical thing around me that I could touch. The world was wide and I could leap any horizon, and just by holding Margot's hand, carry her off to any enchantment either of us had ever dreamed of.

Durwood said—not entirely with chuckles, and not entirely pleasantly, and not without a certain amount of bewildered awe—bewilderment at his own condition as well as mine, I suddenly and intuitively judged—"Christ, you two ought to have the decency to wait till the guests are gone."

Margot put her hand on my hand on her waist.

I guess old Durwood was envious of my condition, too.

Jane Durwood said, "Dear, they're still not *completely* out of love with each other."

She smiled at him. He smiled back at her. They had no more to say to each other, but they continued to smile back and forth.

We were right back into the conversational desert sooner than usual, and I knew it was night because the sands were blowing cold instead of hot.

Margot said, "Darling, give our guests a drink."

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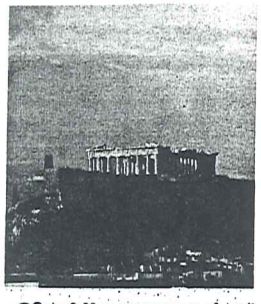
Richard Frede is a pilot and the author of Entry E *and* The Interns. The Secret Circus *is the first of four novels to be published by Random House which will be called* The Night Books.

DEATH OF A DEMOCRACY



Photograph by Black Star

by Stephen Rousseas

At 2:30 in the morning of April 21, the American trained and equipped Greek Army broke into Andreas Papandreou's house in Athens. Eight soldiers with machine guns, pistols, and rifles with bayonets broke into the bedroom of Andreas' 12-year-old daughter and overturned her bed, throwing her to the floor. They pulled everyone out of bed, shouting, "Where is Andreas? We want Andreas." The immediate reaction of everyone was that terrorists had broken in to assassinate him. With the help of his 14-year-old son, Papandreou had been boosted from an outside balcony onto the roof. The house was surrounded by the Army.

After intimidating everyone, breaking open closets and ripping out the clothing, the soldiers threatened to kill Papandreou's son unless he told them where his father was. At that point Andreas gave himself up.

Papandreou is a democrat. His father George Papandreou, ex-premier and leader of Greece's largest party, is an almost rabid anti-communist who had been instrumental in preventing the communist takeover of Greece in 1944.

The Army officers who planned the coup and arrested George and Andreas Papandreou and thousands of others, and who have threatened to execute Andreas Papandreou for "high treason," are fascists who are imposing a military dictatorship upon Greece and preventing free elections.

About the time that Andreas Papandreou was being arrested, the U.S. Sixth Fleet, stationed in the Mediterranean, was riding anchor in Phalliron, the port of Athens. The Johnson administration had acted within hours in dispatching the Marines to the Dominican Republic when democratic forces there were attempting to overthrow a military dictatorship, but this time it did not order American forces to intervene to save the democrats. Indeed, it is clear that the United States embassy and other representatives of the U.S. government were deeply involved in various levels of the coup and encouraged the forces that would destroy democracy in Greece.

It is ironical, but had Andreas Papandreou still been in this country, he undoubtedly would have been a supporter of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. Papandreou, after two decades in America, returned to his native country in 1964 to enter politics. In this country he had been chairman of the Economics Department at Berkeley and a veteran of the Stevenson and Humphrey campaigns. In the United States he was a liberal democrat, would probably have been a supporter of Lyndon Johnson in 1964. But in semi-feudal Greece, Papandreou's politics do not get the support of U.S. foreign policy.

Andreas Papandreou has never been an anti-American. But after a few years of dealing with the American government, trying to make progress for his country, he was forced to become a critic of U.S. foreign policy. On March 1, 1967, he gave a speech in Athens before the Foreign Press Association on American-Greek relations. Andreas had become alarmed about U.S. involvement in the internal politics of Greece and the military considerations which gave rise to it. His speech warned that future developments would be determined by the United States either overtly or with its passive blessing. Andreas was more than aware that the State Department was not in full control; that the activities of the Pentagon and the CIA were paramount.

Each time he tried to warn the U.S. embassy directly, or by special emissaries, of the clear and present danger, he was told that the State Department did not consider the situation in Greece particularly dangerous or a state of crisis. Two U.S. embassy representatives, having seen an advance copy of his speech, got up and walked out just prior to its delivery. This was dutifully reported in the American press. What was not reported was the substance of his talk. The following is an extended quotation from that speech:

"The cards are stacked in Greece . . . Ever since it became a free nation, [Greece] has been under the tutelage of one or more friendly powers. The sponsor nation has always seen fit not only to direct political developments within Greece, but also to shape its foreign policy, more or less independently of vital Greek interests. Since the Greek civil war the United States has replaced England as a sponsor nation. It poured funds into Greece both for the purpose of guaranteeing the success of the then government forces, and for the purpose of assisting in the reconstruction effort that followed the civil war. This gave it an all-powerful place in Greek political life. In a very real sense it participated in the process of government formation. American diplomats did and still have a very close connection with the palace, and maintain excellent relations with rightist circles in Greece. This may explain the fact that American officials have almost always argued for the institution of a 'strong' King of Greece . . . Of course, it is a mistake to think of American foreign policy in Greece as monolithic. Present in Greece are at least three distinct American agencies—the State Department, the Military Mission, and the CIA. American policy in Greece has displayed the basic characteristics of the cold war foreign policy which has . . . been characterized by some insensitivity to the needs and the problems of the allies of the United States, especially so in the case of small nations . . . One has the feeling that somehow [the United States] has never felt secure, that it has never been satisfied with a reasonable allied relationship, but that it has always been driven to establish complete dominance in the affairs of allied states . . . The disclosures that are going on now in America concerning the role of the CIA in foreign policy should leave no doubt as to what we mean when we insist that Greece should belong to the Greeks."

Papandreou's premonitions were well founded, but it was too late. At the time he delivered the speech, the complicated intrigues and machinations involving Greece's generals, the King, the right wing parties, the U.S. embassy and the CIA were already underway. They were all aimed at Andreas Papandreou, his Center Union party and the political will of the Greek people, who, if free elections were held today, would vote overwhelmingly for the Center Union.

The story of the present coup begins with the fall of King Constantine's puppet government in December 1966. With the appointment of a caretaker government, the King found himself in an impossible situation: he had committed himself to new elections without having succeeded in getting Andreas Papandreou out of the way. Indeed, his latest in a series of blunders had only succeeded in making Papandreou the *de facto* leader of the predominant Center Union Party.

It was at this point that the political persecution of Andreas Papandreou began. The purpose was to create an atmosphere of tension and chaos in order somehow to prevent the May elections. In the record time of nine hours in a country notorious for its leaden bureaucracy, the Athens prosecuting attorney, a staunch supporter of the palace, had charged Andreas Papandreou with high treason, and asked that his parliamentary immunity be removed. The right wing ERE party (National Radical Union), under the leadership of Panayiotis Kanellopoulos, supported the attempt to lift Papandreou's immunity, but the Center Union, along with the smaller parties, opposed it.

It is significant that the Greek constitution requires the dissolution of Parliament 45 days before elections. During that period of time, Andreas would no longer be a deputy; he would merely be a candidate for election. There was a constitutional question of whether former members of Parliament continued to be covered for a four-week period of grace, but in any event there were still the last 15 days during which Papandreou would be subject to arrest. His arrest could be expected to provoke large scale demonstrations and riots in Athens, Salonika and Patras—thus giving the palace and the Army the needed excuse to intervene and postpone elections. But even so, elections under the constitution could not be postponed beyond March of 1968, and another year of turmoil would have been unbearable. The likelihood, therefore, was that a dictatorship would be imposed within the two weeks before the May 28 elections.

Papandreou's Center Union party knew that a junta existed. They knew that it met frequently and that the King was informed of its deliberations, if not actually directing them.

Through all of the parliamentary maneuvering and double-dealing during the months preceding the coup, the King had been closely advised by the United States embassy. A Center Union sponsored piece of legislation was used to provoke a parliamentary crisis and the resignation of the caretaker government on March 30. The next day the King started his rounds of talks with the heads of the political parties. On April 3, the King by-passed the largest party, the Center Union, and appointed the leader of the chief right wing party, Panayoitis Kanellopoulos, as the new head of the caretaker government. It soon became clear that the vote of confidence would be 101 for and 199 against. The King, as usual, had gotten himself into another hopeless corner. Rather than face the humiliation of defeat, he told Kanellopoulos to dissolve Parliament, continue as head of a service government, and move immediately into elections within 45 days. The elections would have been turned into a plebiscite against the crown, but there remained 15 days before the elections to arrest Andreas Papandreou, thereby provoking the excuse for suspending them. A dictatorship was clearly in the wind.

The U.S. embassy, furthermore, had secretly approached Andreas Papandreou on the 3rd and 7th of April. It became clear to Papandreou, on the basis of these two conversations, that the United States was trying to help the King by getting the Center Union to agree to the postponement of elections and establishment of a "national unity" government. The overriding obsession of all the anti-popular forces—the King, the Army, ERE and the U.S. embassy—was to prevent the elections. It had become more than obvious that the Center Union party had the great majority of the people on its side and that *free* elections would undoubtedly put the Center Union into power in a landslide bigger than that of 1964. Clearly there was not enough time to rig them adequately. When the Center Union turned down the embassy's suggestions, the U.S. gave the go-ahead to Kanellopoulos to undertake the actions which ultimately led to the dissolution of Parliament.

The stage was set. The plan for the coup had been in existence for some time, and there was always the charge of high treason which could be leveled against Andreas now that Parliament had been dissolved. But Kanellopoulos, who has an independent turn of mind, apparently came to an agreement with George Papandreou that Andreas would *not* be charged. Quite clearly Kanellopoulos, as service premier, was not playing the game according to plan—which explains his subsequent arrest. When this detente between the two major parties became known, the Army struck at two o'clock in the morning of April 21st.

We have now been told by the American press, in one of the biggest public relations hoaxes of the century, that the King was innocent—that he had nothing to do with the coup; that, in order to prevent civil war and bloodshed, he reluctantly went along with the *fait accompli* in order to moderate it and ultimately push it towards the restoration of constitutional government.

The fact remains that for 22 months the King, with the connivance of the United States, had done everything in his power to prevent democratic elections. Whether or not this was a colonels' coup independent of the King is irrelevant from the point of view of ultimate responsibility. On this score the King and his American advisors cannot be absolved.

Apparently *two* juntas existed side by side. The Big Junta involved the generals, the Americans, the King, and the ubiquitous Queen Mother, Frederika. Their scheme was to take action in the 15 days before the elections. Undoubtedly their kind of dictatorship would have been more cleverly accomplished—less in the Gestapo style with more moderate officers and established conservative politicians in the government. They would have hoped to keep the moderates of both the Right and Center Union parties somehow with them, arguing immediately for some social reforms and eventual return to democracy. The Small Junta, however, got there first, much to

the distress and embarrassment of the Americans and the King. The Small Junta, however, needed the King, and using his name to sanction the coup, finally convinced him to go along.

There is, however, one disturbing aspect to all this. Henry Kamm, reporting in the New York Times (May 5, 1967) reports that "according to junta sources, General Spandidakis [a member of the Big Junta] . . . was not informed until the later stages of *preparation* for the coup. He agreed to take part, informed sources believe, in the hope of representing the King's interests. The generals who were retired stayed aloof." (Italics supplied.) This raises a very interesting question. It clearly implies that the King's generals knew of the Small Junta's plans *before* the coup. Can it be, therefore, that the King, and hence the United States, could not have known? If Kamm's reporting is accurate, a second hypothesis can be offered—that the Americans and the King were a part of both juntas, that they knew what was going on and gave their tacit approval.

There are other disturbing aspects as well. A CIA agent who had played a role in the 1965 crisis showed up again several months ago in Greece, this time working out of the Athens office of Esso-Pappas oil. The Pappas Foundation of Boston has been identified as a conduit for CIA money, and when John C. Pappas of that family returned to the United States from Greece recently, he was quoted by the Boston Herald as saying of the generals who made the coup, ". . . they are real patriots. Other countries would do well to imitate them."

Another intriguing coincidence is that Ambassador Talbot's children were absent from the American Academy in the Hallandri section of Athens for several days prior to the coup. But we need not rely on coincidences to make a case for U.S. culpability for the sorry state of Greece today.

A last note in this affair concerns the reaction among American intellectuals to the coup. A few academics were informed by telephone from Paris that the Athens airport had been closed and that Papandreou was to be tried secretly before a kangaroo military court and executed within 48 hours. This confirmed what had been expected all along. Efforts to prevent Andreas' execution had started from the day of the coup. With the President out of the country attending the Adenauer funeral, intense pressure was applied to the State Department. For four hectic days immediately following the coup, nothing happened.

When news of Andreas' imminent execution was received, John Kenneth Galbraith was contacted. His first reaction was that he was "counter productive" with the Johnson administration, but that he would see what he could do. Within two hours he achieved what everyone else had failed to do, battering on the doors of the State Department and pressuring their "productive" academic friends with direct lines to the President. Johnson was informed by Galbraith's White House contact of the possibility of Andreas Papandreou's execution and of the fact that in the entire history of the State Department it had never received such an outpouring of telegrams and telephone calls from the academic community on any single issue. The President acted quickly. He instructed Undersecretary of State Nicholas Katzenbach to direct Ambassador Phillip Talbot in Athens to find Margaret Papandreou and her four children and offer them sanctuary in the American embassy, then to inform Kollias of the President's personal concern over Papandreou's safety.

For the record, it should be noted that as of May 7, Margaret Papandreou was still living with her children in her home in Athens; she was never contacted by anyone in the embassy. There are two ways in which this discrepancy can be interpreted. Either the President has willfully misinformed the academic community or, as is more likely, his orders have been countermanded in the field.

This was as far as Johnson could go, short of calling out the Marines. The President also made sure to instruct Katzenbach to ask Galbraith to inform his academic contacts of his personal intervention. Johnson was anxious, in view of the unprecedented concern of the academic community, already alienated by Vietnam. Complicity in the political murder of Papandreou would only bring about further alienation.

There is, however, a more sordid side to this story. "Counter-productive" Galbraith succeeded in achieving what the academic "ins" either could not or would not do. John Roche, the "intellectual-in-residence" at the White House, was approached by at least two former colleagues and asked to intercede with the President on Papandreou's behalf. Clearly, one of his responsibilities is to advise the President of the sentiments of the academic community and the intellectuals-at-large. But strange things happen to academics who sniff too deeply at the hem of power. For one thing, they read too many CIA reports. At any rate, both Roche and his erstwhile colleague in the White House, Walt Whitman Rostow, refused to intercede on Papandreou's behalf. Roche, whose responsibility to the academic community is greater than Rostow's by virtue of the nature of his appointment, apparently responded to Johnson's notorious anti-intellectualism when, in fact, the President was becoming anxious to redeem himself with the academic community. The President, in other words, reacted to the pressures politically and in power terms. If Roche had his ear to the ground, he was apparently deaf to the thundering herd of the academic community as it ran past him to the President. It is a testament to his instinct for survival that he was not trampled to death.

The danger to Andreas Papandreou is not yet over. There are more ways than one to kill a man. The junta is well aware of his past history of tuberculosis. Though treated successfully in 1966, he was, until the coup, under continuous care. A long imprisonment in the Averoff jail would be tantamount to execution. But the danger to Greece is even greater. The junta is sitting on a powder keg. The overwhelming majority of the Greek people oppose it and over the next few months, as the initial shock of the coup wears off, resistance will develop. This will require even more repressive measures, and unrest will probably develop until the country erupts into a bloody civil war. It will then be interesting to see if we land the Marines as we did in the Dominican Republic. This time it will be easy to get an *accurate* list of communists leading the revolt. And then perhaps the official White House intellectuals will be trotted out to justify our intervention to save Greece from "communist aggression."

Stephen Rousseas is a professor of economics at New York University and recently spent five months in Greece, much of that time in close consultation with Andreas Papandreou.

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Continued from page 10

in size. The intestinal lining becomes thin and smooth, thereby losing some of its capacity to absorb nourishment from food, and diarrhea results. Thus starvation is a self-accelerating process, particularly in children. Because of intestinal damage what little food is available is poorly absorbed and undernutrition increases. The damaged lining of the stomach fails to secrete hydrochloric acid, which is necessary for digestion. Both blood pressure and pulse rate fall.

Early effects of starvation are the cessation of menstruation in women and impotence and loss of sexual desire in men. Hair becomes dull and bristly and, in children, abnormal hair grows on the forearms and back. The skin acquires the consistency of paper and not infrequently shows the irreversible dusty brown splotches which are permanent marks of starvation. In extreme cases cancrum oris—the horrible destructive process which devours all tissues around the mouth, particularly in children—destroys the lips and parts of the cheeks. Infections take their toll of weakened bodies, and the risk of heart attacks increases greatly.

In addition, the mind deteriorates rapidly. The individual becomes obsessed with food, mentally restless, apathetic and self-centered. Extremes of behavior are murder and cannibalism.

The point is clear: death from starvation occurs first and overwhelmingly in small children, then in older children and in the elderly. Pregnant women often abort, lactating mothers cease to give milk and the babies die.

Children under five are the most vulnerable of all. In many parts of the world—including Vietnam—they are often on the verge of kwashiorkor (a protein-deficiency disease which often hits children after weaning and before they are old enough to eat "adult" food) and of marasmus (a combination of deficiency of calories and of protein). Healthy young men, the part of the population forming the membership of any guerrilla movement, are apt to be the least affected by the starvation measures supposedly aimed at hurting them.

In addition, a general consequence of famine is a social disruption, including mass panic. People who are starving at home tend to leave if they can, and march toward the area where it is rumored that food is available. This increases the prevailing chaos. Families are separated and children are lost—and in all likelihood die. Adolescents often band together in foraging gangs, which creates additional disruption. The prolonged and successful practice of banditry makes it difficult to rehabilitate members of these gangs.

Finally, in an environment like Vietnam's, where sanitary measures are often nonexistent and medical facilities are in short supply, the risk of epidemics in time of food shortage is great. Epidemics can grow like wildfire in a weakened, starving and migrating population. The plague and malaria are endemic in Southeast Asia (the prevalence of plague seems to have been rising lately and a form of malaria which does not respond to traditionally effective drugs has recently appeared). Cholera and smallpox have been the habitual fellow-travelers of Asian famines, with influenza and relapsing fever also frequent.

I have already said that adults, and particularly adult men, usually survive much better than the rest of the population. Bands of armed men do not starve and—particularly if not indigenous to the population and, therefore, unhampered by direct family ties with their victims—seize what little food is available so as to be able to continue to fight. Destruction of food thus never seems to hamper enemy military operations but victimizes large numbers of children.

In 1865 the confederates had to be beaten militarily; they were not starved into submission by Sherman. The effect of his destruction of stores and crops was to cause unnessary suffering among the children and the women of the South—Negro as well as white—and to help sow the seeds of a hatred which has only begun to abate after 100 years. The Paris garrison held in 1870-71 and neither its operations nor those of the troops of the Commune were ended by the food shortage even though children died by the thousands. The 1917-18 food blockade caused kwashiorkor, vitamin A deficiency and starvation among German and Austrian children, but it did not interfere with the operation of the armies of the Central powers. Leningrad held the great siege that began the winter of 1941-42, even though by January 1942 the deaths from starvation had risen as high as 9000 per day—most of them children and the elderly. More than half a million citizens of Leningrad starved to death, but the Soviet armies defending the city continued to fight.

One last point. The State Department, in an official statement on crop destruction on March 9, 1966 claimed that, "The Viet Cong and any innocent persons in the area are warned of the planned action. They are asked to leave the area. They are promised food and good treatment when they move out. Those who have moved from Viet Cong territory for this reason have been fed and cared for." How can the "innocent persons" in a rural area be effectively warned when there are no telephones, newspapers, radios or television? Even if they are warned, how can peasants, whose only means of sustenance has always been their own piece of land and who do not understand the destructive potentialities of complex crop destruction chemicals be convinced that their land will become unproductive? How can they move the sick, the aged, the women about to deliver and, without undue difficulty, the small children? The experience of the World War I shows that even the French and Belgian farmers whose whole farms were under constant artillery fire, and who were much better informed and more easily reached than the Vietnamese peasants, often refused to leave their land, and had to be moved at gunpoint. To abandon ancestral graves is also felt to be impossible by some Vietnamese.

In the absence of specific data on civilian casualties (which Mr. Rusk in an exchange with Senator Pell said were at present unobtainable), I base my case on the undeviating pattern of past famines. If crop destruction efforts are successful, they constitute a war measure primarily, if not exclusively, directed at children, the elderly, and pregnant and lactating women. My point is not just that innocent bystanders are hurt by such measures. My point is that *only* bystanders are hurt. The primary U.S. aim—to disable the Viet Cong—is not achieved. Our proclaimed secondary aim—to win over the civilian population—is made a hollow mockery. The rice crop destruction program is a blot on our national honor and should be stopped immediately.

Dr. Jean Mayer, professor of Nutrition and lecturer on the History of Public Health at Harvard University, serves as consultant to two research institutes of the U.S. Army and is a member of the FAO-WHO joint Nutrition Committee.

Reviews:

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by William Manchester. New York: Harper & Row. 710 pp. $10.*

Reviewed by Léo Sauvage

ON MARCH 26, 1964, William Manchester announced at a press conference in Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy's office that he had been commissioned by the Kennedy family to prepare "an extensive account describing the events of and surrounding the death of President Kennedy on November 22, 1963." The reporters were also given a written statement signed by the widow of the slain President: "These arrangements were made with Mr. Manchester," the statement explained, "in the interest of historical accuracy and to prevent distortion and sensationalism."

Why William Manchester? I don't know, and it appears that nobody else, with the possible exception of Pierre Salinger, is ready to suggest an answer.

Salinger, by the way, ambivalently likes *The Death of a President*. According to a Washington Post dispatch from London where the former White House press secretary was promoting his own *With Kennedy*, Salinger considers Manchester's book "a great book, and as far as I know, a fair historic picture." But after confirming that he—not Jacqueline Kennedy—picked Manchester for the assignment, he admits that he regrets his choice and states, according to the dispatch, that "my judgment wasn't very good." He then gives us what remains, as of now, the only available public explanation for the selection of Manchester: "In retrospect, it was pure idiocy."

Even the New York Times' Eliot Fremont-Smith, who feels *The Death of a President* is "an extraordinarily impressive, fascinating and absorbing piece of work," admits that Manchester's "achievement" is "unexpected": "His previous work has consisted of four rather crassly commercial novels and four interesting and rather sensitive, but also somewhat obsequious and slick profile-biographies."

The fact is that nothing in Manchester's earlier work pointed him out as a writer particularly devoted to "historical accuracy" or particularly opposed to "sensationalism." And nothing in *The Death of a President* should have come as a surprise to those who commissioned it and provided the author with the material to write precisely this book, and only *this* book.

I do not intend to dwell more than absolutely necessary on what the American press has called "the battle of the book," a distasteful episode which, literary or even ethical in form, proved to be—unwittingly, I am sure—a commercial boon: it allowed the publisher to set the first printing at 600,000 copies and will probably permit *The Death of a President* to become one of the biggest money-makers in the history of publishing.

Without the "battle," we perhaps could have told ourselves that while the Kennedy family "hired" the writer, it did not supervise his writing and thus left the final responsibility to the author. Having threatened a lawsuit if Manchester didn't conform to their wishes, and having withdrawn that lawsuit after he did, the Kennedys have now implicitly approved and endorsed the remaining material, published without further objections, i.e., with their consent.

In an unbelievably bumptious and overweening foreword where Manchester presents himself ("I had to immerse myself in this subject until I knew more about it than anyone else") as the final authority on the assassination, though a scholarly, modest one ("In time I myself shall merely become a source for future historians"), William Manchester tells his readers that "among other judgments you will find a partial assessment of the Warren Report."

There is indeed a moment in his book when he complains that Oswald, or rather "his ghost," is "mugging, upstaging, and hogging the limelight with, regrettably, the cooperation of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy." When he adds that this was "unavoidable" because "under the terms of its mandate the Commission had no choice," it seems that his "partial assessment" is going to be very harsh on the Commission's Report. This impression grows even stronger when he concludes that "the Warren Report might be subtitled 'The Life of Lee Harvey Oswald' " for—and on this point I certainly agree with Manchester—"it is largely a biography of him."

But having said so, the author makes it quite clear that this literary—or let's say philosophical—criticism of the Commission does not imply any disagreement with the Commission's conclusions concerning Oswald's lone guilt. What he really complains about is that "among those who keep faith with the myth that murderers are more fascinating than their victims, Oswald was eventually assigned the star role in his own existentialist extravaganza."

Exactly like the Warren Commission, and perhaps because he also had "no choice" under the terms of *his* "mandate," historian William Manchester has accepted as fact, from the beginning, that it was Lee Harvey Oswald who killed President Kennedy. In his turgid and inflated prose (there are pages which remind us of the Birch Society's Professor Revilo Oliver who had been carried away, though by hatred, not love for President Kennedy), philosopher William Manchester can then go on explaining that "the barbarous obbligato he (Oswald) played that Friday measures, as Tomas de Torquemada and Lazarillo de Tormes measured in other ages, the potentialities of human depravity."

The finishing touch appears in a paragraph which manages to be one of the most crude, uninhibited and shamelessly prejudiced statements ever printed under the cover of "history":

"Lee Harvey Oswald has been repeatedly identified here as the President's slayer. He is never 'alleged' or 'suspected' or 'supposed' or 'surmised';

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he is the culprit. Some, intimidated by the fiction that only judges may don the black cap and condemn, may disapprove. The managing editor of the New York Times apologized to his readers for a headline describing Oswald as the murderer, and four months after the appearance of the Warren Report the Washington Post continued to refer to him as 'the presumed assassin.' But enough is enough. The evidence pointing to his guilt is far more incriminating than that against Booth, let alone Judas Iscariot. He is the right man; there is nothing provisional about it. The mark of Cain was upon him . . ."

So, the question is settled—not, of course, as to Oswald's guilt but as to Manchester's qualification as an investigator. In fact, those who expected from his family-commissioned investigation the "historical accuracy" promised on March 26, 1964, should have known better.

As far as the "facts" of the assassination are concerned, William Manchester follows closely the unproved affirmations of the Warren Commission, adding here and there some elements of pure fiction which go much farther than the Report. But there are also some startlingly cynical distortions which go far beyond simple fiction.

The Warren Commission, for example, had rejected the testimony of a young man named Arnold Rowland which contradicted its "findings," using its familiar method for unwelcome witnesses, that is, disparaging his credibility. According to Rowland, he had seen a man holding a rifle on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository, but in the *southwest* corner window. In the *southeast* corner window, where William Manchester as well as the Commission locate "Oswald's sixth-floor perch" (Manchester "sat" in it, to make sure), Rowland saw a different man, whom he described as "an elderly Negro." One understands why the Commission was displeased by such a deposition, especially since Rowland at no moment identified even the man in the *southwest* corner window as Oswald. Quite the contrary: while describing the rifle "the man" was holding, and the way he held it, Rowland also said "the man" was wearing "a light shirt, a very light-colored shirt, white or a light blue or a color such as that." Oswald, we know, wore a dark brown shirt.

Here, now, is what William Manchester has to say about Rowland's testimony: "A youth named Arnold Rowland . . . saw Oswald silhouetted in the window, holding what appeared to be a high-powered rifle mounted with a telescopic sight. One of Oswald's hands was on the stock and the other was on the barrel; he held the weapon diagonally across his body at port arms, like a Marine on a rifle range . . ." Oswald, Oswald . . . Manchester imperturbably even puts him inside Rowland's mind: Rowland, he says, was "assuming that Oswald (*sic*) must be protecting the President." History, thus, had to wait for William Manchester to do the trick the Warren Commission had considered impossible: turning Arnold Rowland into a witness *against* Oswald. But historian Manchester has explained in Look magazine how "an individual, responsible only to his own conscience, can overcome obstacles that baffle collective wisdom."

Toward the end of the chapter headed "SS 100 X" (childishly excited by the discovery of the code terms used by the Secret Service and the White House Communications Agency, Manchester now uses them as titles for his chapters, and "SS 100 X," according to the "glossary" provided, means "Presidential automobile"), *The Death of a President* offers us this piece of living but strictly fictionalized history: "Howard Brennan, open-mouthed, saw Oswald take deliberate aim for his final shot . . . Crooking his arm, Oswald drew a fresh bead with his Italian rifle. *Ready on the left, ready on the right, all ready on the firing line*, his Marine Corps instructor had shouted on the San Diego range, signaling the appearance of rapid-fire targets. He was ready now. They had also told him to hold his front sight at six o'clock on an imaginary clock dial. It was there, and steady. His target, startlingly clear in the cross hairs of his telescopic sight, was eighty-eight yards away. He squeezed the trigger . . ."

The next chapter is headed "Market" (Dr. George Burkley, according to the "glossary"). The first page is printed in italics, for emphasis, and another paragraph reads like this: "*Lee Oswald, watched by the stupefied Brennan, steps back into the shadows in the deliberate lock step of a Marine marksman retiring from the range . . .*"

Even if one accepts blindly—as William Manchester does—Howard Brennan's so-called "eyewitness testimony" which the Warren Commission at least pretends to have accepted only with qualifications, and which several of its lawyers have now publicly rejected, there is nothing in Brennan's deposition concerning the alleged assassin's "deliberate lock step" in the shadows behind the window. Nor, of course, is there anything in Brennan's or anybody else's deposition concerning the view the alleged assassin had in his telescopic sight and especially the reminiscences he had in his mind from his service with the Marines four years before. Since the Kennedy family's complaints, during the "battle of the book," never mentioned this aspect of *The Death of a President*, one unhappily has to conclude that as far as the assassination itself is concerned, the Manchester book satisfies the Kennedy family's requirements for "historical accuracy."

I have not much to say about the other aspects mentioned, except that, even when the details and descriptions are true, History could have done without them.

At best, it is slick, clever, conventional mass journalism: "Before breakfast on Thursday, November 21, the President of the United States drew on his back brace, laced his shoes, the left one of which had a quarter-inch medical lift, slipped into the clothes his valet had selected, anchored his conservative tie with a bright PT boat clip, and pocketed a black leather wallet containing $26 in bills, a gold St. Christopher medal which was clipped to it, and Massachusetts driving permit 053332D . . ."

Mostly, it's cheap literature: "Madness is not a virus. It does not strike all at once. Lee Oswald's disease had been in process all his life . . . It seems clear that the total eclipse of his reason occurred shortly before 9 p.m. that evening, a few minutes after Jacqueline Kennedy had finished her brief Spanish speech in Houston . . ." Or: "In the wake of the funeral every principal figure except Marguerite Oswald was troubled by physical discomfort of some sort. The complaints ranged from Lady Bird's persistent chills to Dave Powers' headaches—violent pains which were confined to the back of his skull, where he had seen the last bullet strike the President . . ."

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Some of it, to be sure, may unwittingly carry valuable information. All of it, however, is ridden by clichés and by some of the most pedestrian platitudes ever heaped upon a reader in the name of "uncanny destiny": "People can absorb just so much, no more . . ." Or: "Despite obvious differences in temperament and style John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson shared one grand passion—politics . . ."

Speaking of Lyndon Johnson and politics, William Manchester seems to score a few points, though there have already been a number of denials and one has to be cautious about anything stated by a "historian" like Manchester. Even here, moreover, he affirms his tendency to mistake History for *la petite histoire*, that is, the anecdotal, gossipy side of it. I am willing to admit, for example, as part of the record the fact that the Democratic party in Texas was "riven by factionalism" and that "Governor John Connally and Senator Ralph Yarborough were stalking one another with shivs." But I do not believe that History requires us to know what Larry O'Brien thought during the funeral of John F. Kennedy, when he did not recognize Haile Selassie next to General de Gaulle. Historian Manchester will tell us anyhow, in italics: "*If that isn't just like de Gaulle*, he thought, *bringing a midget as his aide*."

There are moments when William Manchester goes beyond slick journalism, goes beyond gossip and third-rate melodrama, goes beyond even the cheapest sort of literature, to offer us gory helpings of the very sensationalism the Kennedys, it seems, hoped to prevent by hiring him:

"The First Lady, in her last act as First Lady, leaned solicitously toward the President. His face was quizzical. She had seen that expression so often, when he was puzzling over a difficult press conference question. Now, in a gesture of infinite grace, he raised his right hand, as though to brush back his tousled chestnut hair. But the motion faltered. The hand fell back limply. He had been reaching for the top of his head. But it wasn't there any more."

The title of the last chapter of *The Death of a President* is "Legend." The chapter serves as epilogue, and the title, therefore, has not been borrowed from the Secret Service code. The following quotes are from the two concluding paragraphs.

First: "Unknown to her, the clothes Mrs. Kennedy wore into the bright midday glare of Dallas lie in an attic not far from 3017 N Street." Manchester has found there "two long brown paper cartons thrust between roof rafters," one of them marked "Worn by Jackie, November 22, 1963." Thorough investigator that he is, he has opened it: "Inside, neatly arranged, are the pink wool suit, the black shift, the low-heeled shoes, and, wrapped in a white towel, the stockings . . . There are ugly splotches along the front and hem of the skirt. The handbag's leather and the inside of each shoe are caked dark red. And the stockings are quite odd. Once the same substance streaked them in mad scribbly patterns, but time and the sheerness of the fabric have altered it. The rusty clots have flaked off; they lie in tiny brittle grains on the nap of the towel . . ."

One cannot repress, here, one appalling thought. Before making it the best-selling conclusion of his bestselling *The Death of a President*, the author had to be allowed—if not invited—to visit the "attic not far from 3017 N Street." Out of the 600,000 first buyers of the book,

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THE COMPLETE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SHERSTON (*Incorporating* Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man, Memoirs of an Infantry Officer, Sherston's Progress), *by Siegfried Sassoon: Giniger-Stackpole Books. 656 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by Thomas Flanagan

I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority, because I believe that the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it. I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that this War, upon which I entered as a war of defence and liberation, has now become a war of conquest and aggression. . . . On behalf of those who are suffering now I make this protest against the deception which is being practised upon them; also I believe that I may help to destroy the callous complacency with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realize.

—From the Statement to his Commanding Officer of Second-Lieutenant Siegfried Sassoon, Military Cross, Recommended for Distinguished Service Order, Third Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers, July 1917.

It is obvious that soldiers, even if they have reached the exalted rank of Second-Lieutenant, cannot be permitted to decide when the time has come for them to discontinue fighting.

—Army and Navy Gazette, August 1917

When war broke out in 1914, Siegfried Sassoon was 28. Born into a distinguished Sephardic family, he was an enthusiastic cricketeer and golfer, an expert and daring rider to hounds, and the author of a small body of wan and derivative Georgian verse. Like other young men of his class and temperament, he accepted military service with the heedless exhilaration of a point-to-point rider, and conducted himself on the front with that nonchalant bravery which in the language of those far-off days was described as "conspicuous gallantry." He earned his Military Cross by rescuing a wounded lance-corporal under heavy fire, but his specialty was one-man bombing raids upon the enemy trenches. By the summer of 1917, however, he had become thoroughly disillusioned. The war, he was now persuaded, had become meaningless slaughter, sustained by politicians and profiteers who refused to consider a negotiated settlement.

When he was invalided home, he determined to do something. In his own faintly self-mocking phrase, he decided upon "independent action." With the assistance of Bertrand Russell ("Tyrell" in these *Memoirs*), he prepared a letter to his depot commander which, they were both certain, would automatically lead to his court-martial. In effect, the specialist in one-man raids had declared a one-man peace. His plan was partly frustrated by a fact of which he had momentarily lost sight—the massive, negative strength of English good manners. The colonel sent a message asking him "most earnestly to dismiss the matter from your mind." Sassoon, gazing fixedly at the orderly room floor, asked: "Hadn't you better put me under arrest at once?" "I'd rather die than do such a thing!" the adjutant cried in horror. Sassoon persisted, however, questions were raised in Commons, and the matter was taken up by the press.

Sassoon had planned a mutiny against the authorities, but being no less a gentleman than his colonel, he had not thought to embarrass them. But this was the effect of his action. A subaltern known in the trenches as "Mad Jack" could scarcely be suspected of cowardice. But neither could an intense dislike of

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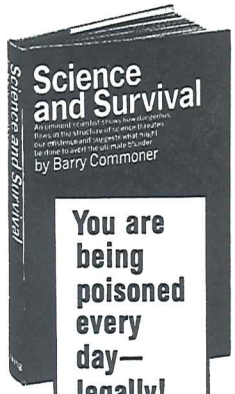

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the war be considered sufficient proof of insanity. He might, perhaps, be regarded as a victim of shell-shock, but he was manifestly and disgustingly healthy, having recovered from his wound in record time. Moreover, he twice refused to appear before a medical board. In his quiet, self-deprecatory way he refused to fight or to cooperate.

The deadlock was broken by the sudden and vivid eruption upon the scene of his friend and fellow officer in the Welch Fusiliers, Robert Graves ("David Cromlech"). Graves, who perhaps because of his regiment has always reminded me of Shakespeare's Fluellen, shared Sassoon's detestation of the war, which, indeed, he was capable of expressing in far pithier and more brutal terms. But unlike Sassoon, he carried in his make-up heavy doses of prudence, practicality, and what he took to be—as perhaps it was—"common sense." Graves regarded Sassoon's defiance as "magnificently courageous" but futile and dangerous, and he set about extricating his friend. The two met in Liverpool to argue the issue out, two volatile but weary young men debating as to whether one of them should persist in mutiny. Graves succeeded, but only by convincing Sassoon that the Army would meet continued defiance by locking him away in a lunatic asylum for the duration of the war. In later years, Sassoon came to regard this as a well-intentioned but ruinous lie. Graves, in his own memoirs, is reticent on this issue.

At any rate, Sassoon now presented himself before a third board as a deserving shell-shock case, with Graves supplying the supporting testimony—a task which he performed with such gusto that the board suspected that he might himself be in a dubious state of mental health. And, in fact, their experiences in Flanders had pushed both men almost beyond the point of endurance. Sassoon had the good fortune to be sent to Craiglockhart, where he was placed under the care of W. H. R. Rivers, a remarkable neurologist and a remarkable man. Eventually, persuaded that he had no right to remain inactive, he had himself sent back to the front, where he was soon practicing his old exploits and gaining himself a fresh wound. Thus came to a close, rather anticlimactically, one of the most celebrated acts of individual protest against the first world war.

It became celebrated chiefly because it formed a small but revealing chapter in the chronicle of a developing disillusionment with the war on the part of many of the young writers and intellectuals who were most closely involved in the fighting. Both Sassoon and Graves, despite differences of emphasis and interpretation, are agreed that Sassoon, in however quixotic a fashion, had forced into the open feelings shared by others. He had enacted that interior resistance which is the stuff of his poetry and Graves', the poetry of Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg.

But when, a decade later, Sassoon sat down to write out his experiences, he chose a most peculiar method—inventing for his trilogy the *persona* which he calls "George Sherston." This involves more than a change of name—Sherston is and isn't Sassoon. All of his experiences are Sassoon's, but they are experienced only by a carefully selected and posed aspect of Sassoon's personality. As the title of the first volume suggests—*The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (1928)—he sought to disengage that part of his life and sensibility which was specifically literary and "poetic," presumably to make his career and suffering more fully representative of his

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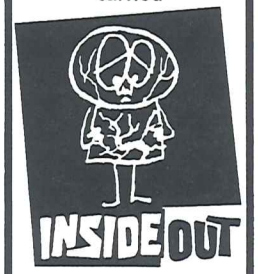

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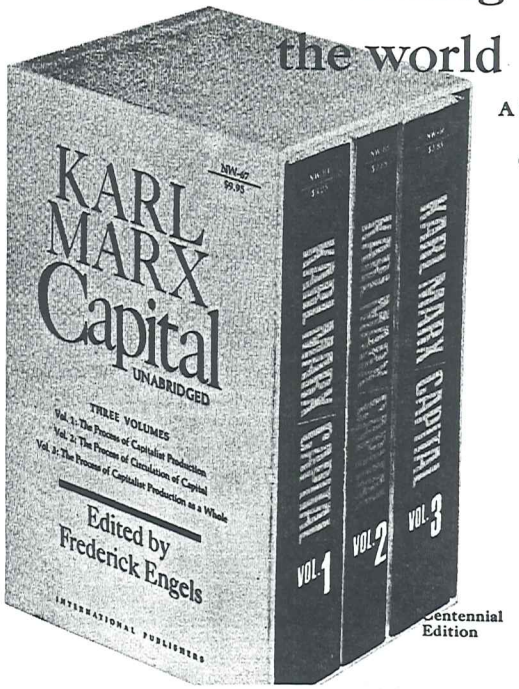

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generation. The hunt, in this volume and by echo in those following, becomes the emblem of pre-war England, ordered, pastoral, aristocratic, both mark and substance of a society on the brink of disappearance. It is a clever notion, but Sassoon is neither Yeats nor Major Robert Gregory: a deep, steady, unquestioning love of fox-hunting is needed to carry the reader through the volume. There are wonderful scenes, and one does acquire an affection for the shy, vigorous young man who narrates them, but in the end the russet landscapes and the pink coats blur together.

The Memoirs of an Infantry Officer (1930) and *Sherston's Progress* (1936) are far different matters. Here the contrived personality of Sherston is used to marvelous effect, his casual, low-keyed voice generating with growing force our sense of human waste and confusion as the conflict spreads by inhuman ways to unmanageable proportions. He succeeds in this better than does Graves, a far better prose writer, in *Good-bye to All That*, although for a paradoxical reason. The pages of Graves' book are stamped with his tough, eccentric manners and mannerisms. It is the book of a man who is at least as interesting as his subject, even when his subject is a world war. Graves is a profoundly egotistical writer, which Sassoon most decidedly is not.

And yet Graves' book is alive on every page, but there is an emptiness at the center of Sassoon's *Memoirs*. This emptiness is revealed most clearly in the section which describes his "independent action," and it is closely related to his use of "George Sherston." Sherston is so much the model fox-hunter, the brave, modest officer, that although we accept his growing disillusionment, we are not prepared for his mutiny, for his deliberate decision to defy authority in the most reckless manner possible. For ultimately, this was a decision made not by a rider to hounds named Sherston but by a writer named Sassoon. Sassoon himself must have been aware of this anomaly, for he later published several volumes of straightforward autobiography—*The 20th Century* (1938), *The Weald of Youth* (1942)—which are concerned with his experiences as writer and poet. These, however, compromise the clear-outlined simplicity which is essential to Sherston, without greatly advancing our understanding of his remarkable action. We learn, for example, that he discussed his celebrated statement with Lady Ottoline Morrell, and that he was helped in polishing the final draft by those distinguished non-followers of the fox, Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield. "Sherston," as he says in one of these later books, "was a simplified version of my 'outdoor self.' He was denied the complex advantage of being a soldier-poet." Which is another way of saying that the *Memoirs* carefully screen us from access to the full range of Sassoon's personality.

Poetry and Bloomsbury conspire with hunt and race and meet in that one-man campaign against the war, and one would like to know more of the poet's role in these deliberations. Each generation takes what it wants or needs from the books it reads. The first readers of the *Memoirs* were interested chiefly in the vivid representations of trench war and of men under fire. We, I think, are more likely to be interested in that question which the Army and Navy Gazette phrased so neatly: can soldiers be "permitted" to decide when the time has come for them to discontinue fighting? That question did not cease to be relevant on November 11, 1918. What were the passions and strengths which led this young "soldier-poet" to his lonely, perilous declaration? Sassoon, consistently reticent behind the mask of Sherston, does not tell us.

In the absence of evidence, one can speculate with a seeming lack of generosity. Sassoon seems to have been a young man who combined bravery and a willingness to force issues to the open with a strong emotional and intellectual dependence on others. In his decisive years, he passed from one mentor to the next—from the Master of the Ringwell Hunt to the Brigadier of the Welch Fusiliers, from Bertrand Russell to Robert Graves, from Doctor Rivers back to the Army. In his successive encounters with Russell and Graves, for example, one may trace with painful clarity the impact upon his gentle, questioning spirit of two of the strongest and most assertive personalities of our time. When once Sassoon was persuaded of the moral rightness of a course of action, no considerations of prudence or personal regard could prevent him from acting as the occasion demanded. But he was singularly open to persuasion.

And yet it is Sassoon who holds our affection, maintaining his stubborn, passive integrity amidst his confusions and doubts, against the massive, chilly iceberg of Russell's logic, and against Graves with his wild anger and sardonic wit. He tells us how, in 1917, frustrated by the Army's refusal to carry his case to the point of court-martial, he ripped the Military Cross from his tunic "and threw it into the mouth of the Mersey. Weighted with significance though this action was, the poor little thing fell weakly on the water and floated away as though aware of its own futility." It is Sassoon who seems to be speaking here rather than Sherston, reminding us of how frail and inconsequential his action must have seemed against the backdrop of the war he had come to hate, against the guns of Flanders, the logic of his advisors, the arguments of his friends. But that ribbon bobbing on the Mersey is Sassoon's badge of honor, twice-earned in different kinds of hard and lonely combat.

Thomas Flanagan is currently working on a history of Irish literature and teaches English at the University of California at Berkeley.

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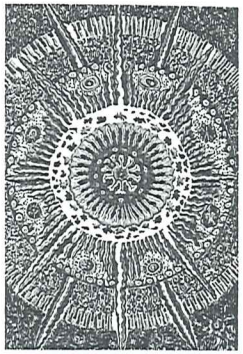
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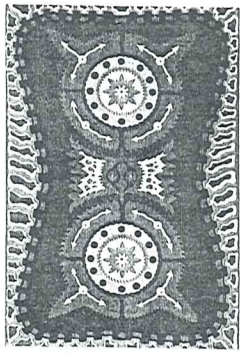
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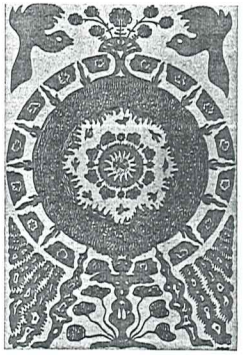
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DEALERS INQUIRE

Hey there!

You with the sweat in your palms.

DO YOU WISH the pilot would knock off that jazz about "That's Crater Lake coming up on the left down there, ladies and gentlemen" and tell you instead what the devil that funny noise was you just heard? O.K. We made a big decision at *Pacific Air Lines* recently. Enough with the scenic travelogue and the stewardesses' non-stop smiles over the cocktails. We have a feeling you'd like to trade some of that in on a short snappy explanation of the turbulence you've been going through for five minutes, while Lawrence Welk keeps bubbling over the Muzak just like nothing was wrong. Right? It's about time an airline faced up to something: MOST PEOPLE ARE SCARED WITLESS OF FLYING.

DEEP DOWN INSIDE, every time that big plane lifts off that runway, you wonder if this is it; right? You want to know something fella? So does the pilot, deep down inside. On *Pacific Air Lines* and on any other airline. And if he doesn't, that means he's letting his guard down and he should turn in his wings and his Smilin' Jack cap.

IT COMES DOWN TO THIS: getting a jet airborne and you to your destination in one piece is no cocktail party. You have known this for some time now. It's about time some airline stood up and admitted it too. Sure we have 12-year-old Scotch on board and stewardesses in beautiful new hot pink uniforms to serve it to you. But those only manage to distract you slightly from what's really on your mind at 30,000 feet. We know that. That's why our crews are going to start with a whole new candid attitude in flight that may surprise you a bit. When you fly with *Pacific* you'll see what we're talking about. No standing ovations though; not until the seat belt sign goes off.

ON APRIL 30TH we inaugurated on the West Coast brand new non-stop jet service. We are inaugurating more than that.

APRIL 30TH, 1967 will mark the first time that an airline decided to clear the air and admit what everybody thinks about up there but nobody talks about. People are concerned about a great deal more than whether they should have steak or lobster when they fly.

WILL THIS AERONAUTICAL HONESTY on our part make passengers even more nervous about flying? Possibly. But we think that just talking about the existence of those sweaty palms should help you to relax a little more. Psychiatrists say that it helps to get things out in the open.

Pacific Air Lines

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